

THE LIVING AGE.

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SERBIA TO THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

(AUGUST, 1915.)

I am she whose ramparts, ringed with
Christian swords,
Bore the first huge batterings of the
Paynim hordes.
Ground beneath their horse-hoofs,
broken by their blows,
I was made a pavement for the feet
of foes:
Mighty lords from Asia, proud above
their peers,
Rode over my body for three hundred
years:
Buried under armies, hopeless did I
lie,
Hanging on to honor, sick for liberty;
Cried to Christ for justice, grasped a
broken rood,
Saw each hope that flickered, stifled,
drowned in blood;
Saw through torturing ages, dreadfully
arrayed,
Antichrist, all armored, riding in
Belgrade!

So the iron bit my soul; and that
soul became
Iron, fit for warriors' use, tempered
in the flame
By my sweat and anguish, out of my
despair,
Step by step I won it back, the name
that now I bear.

Upstarts! Can you teach me any
wrong or woe,
Tyranny or torture that I do not
know?
Bid your heathen armies glut all hell
with crimes!
Loose your hounds of carnage! 'Twill
be like old times.
Though your hand be heavy, though
your head be high,
Othman's head was higher in the days
gone by!
I, that died and am alive, call on God
that He,
Who shall judge the quick and dead,
judge 'twixt you and me!

*Cecil Chesterton.**The New Witness.*

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

"Somewhere in France"—we know not
where—he lies,
Mid shuddering earth and under an-
guished skies!
We may not visit him, but this we say:
Though our steps err his shall not miss
their way.
From the exhaustion of War's fierce
embrace
He, nothing doubting, went to his own
place.
To him has come, if not the crown and
palm,
The kiss of Peace—a vast, sufficing
calm!

So fine a spirit, daring, yet serene,—
He may not, surely, lapse from what
has been:
Greater, not less, his wondering mind
must be;
Ampler the splendid vision he must
see.
'Tis unbelievable he fades away,—
An exhalation at the dawn of day!

Nor dare we deem that he has but
returned
Into the Oversoul, to be discerned
Hereafter in the bosom of the rose,
In petal of the lily, or in those
Far jewelled sunset skies that glow
and pale,
Or in the rich note of the nightingale.
Nay, though all beauty may recall to
mind
What we in his fair life were wont to
find,
He shall escape absorption, and shall
still
Preserve a faculty to know and will.
Such is my hope, slow climbing to a
faith:
(We know not Life, how should we
then know Death?)
From our small limits and withhold-
ings free,
Somewhere he dwells and keeps high
company;
Yet tainted not with so supreme a bliss
As to forget he knew a world like this.

*John Hogben.**The Spectator.*

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE WAR.

"In entering on a great war," wrote Mr. Lecky, "the management and guidance of popular passions and prejudices is one of the supreme arts of statesmanship." It was of Pitt and the Napoleonic wars that he was thinking, but his words are even more applicable to-day than they were in 1793. They are more applicable because in the meantime there has arisen the new and tremendous power of Publicity—the one force, perhaps, that may be said to mark out this age from all others—because Democracy has come into its own, because armies are no longer professional bodies of soldiery but whole nations and whole peoples. If "the management and guidance of popular passions and prejudices" was a necessity even in the aristocratic England that warred down Napoleon, it is ten times more so to-day when popular government and the reading habit have furnished the masses with a new set of nerves, and when the chemist and the manufacturer and the working-man at home are as vital to victory as the fighters at the Front. The staying power, the self-sacrifice and the industry of the civilian population have a military value under the conditions of modern war that they never possessed before; and the evocation of these qualities and the shaping of public opinion have become more than ever "one of the supreme arts of statesmanship."

In this art British statesmanship during the past twelve months has shown itself singularly unpractised. "Gentlemen," I seem to remember the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain saying some twenty years ago, "this is not a Government; it is a deaf-and-dumb institution." I will not say that the present Government quite deserves to be so characterized; but it is certain

that our Ministers, with one exception, have proved astonishingly inapt in either catching and reflecting and interpreting or in appealing to the temper of the country. The exception, of course, is Mr. Lloyd George. It did not need his recent address to the Trade Union Congress, or the even franker manifesto he issued on the 13th of September in the form of a preface to a volume of his War speeches, to stamp him as the man of all men to lead and inspire the British democracy through this its great ordeal. Yet it must be with something like a gasp of incredibility that many people regard the position he has won for himself and the uses to which he is putting it. Anyone who would have prophesied in the early years of this century that before a decade and a half had gone by Mr. Lloyd George would be not merely a member of the Government and Chancellor of the Exchequer, but the mirror of the fighting soul of the nation in a stupendous European war, would have been written down a lunatic. No man in my time, unless it were Mr. Gladstone at the height of the Home Rule crisis of 1886, has ever been more intensely hated than was Mr. Lloyd George between 1899 and 1902, the years of the Boer War. The overwhelming majority of Welshmen, like the overwhelming majority of Englishmen and Scotchmen, believed the Boer War to be both just and necessary. Mr. Lloyd George did not; and the fire, the ferocity almost, of his opposition, made him a target of national obloquy. Those were certainly passionate days. No quarter was asked or given, and I would not have valued his life at five minutes' purchase if he had chanced to fall into the hands of a Jingo mob. The nation which has since been

pretty well ready to canonize him would then have stoned him without the slightest compunction. We are a people, however, who, while of strong and quick emotions, are rarely resentful and admire courage with a whole heart. Mr. Lloyd George profited by the political upheavals that within a year of its conclusion made the Boer War a dead and all but forgotten issue. The public soon came to forget how wrong-headed and even mischievous was the part he had played in it, and to remember only that he had the supreme political courage to stake his career on his conscience. It was the old tale re-told once more, the old tale that there is no opinion so outrageous and unpopular that democracy will not forgive if only it is held with sincerity and advocated without a thought of self.

Mr. Lloyd George had been nearly ten years in Parliament before the Boer War made him a national figure. Up till then he was known in the House as a delightful companion, an adroit parliamentary strategist, and a clever and sparkling speaker; and that was as far as his reputation stretched. To the mass of Englishmen he was little more than the shadow of a name. Among his own countrymen in Wales he was, of course, far better known, but even they could hardly have foreseen how swiftly he was to rise to the dictatorship of the Principality. One really hardly exaggerates in speaking of Mr. Lloyd George's position and influence in Wales as the equivalent of a dictatorship. He has the first of all claims upon his people in being as Welsh as O'Connell was Irish—in being more so, indeed, for O'Connell never spoke Irish, while Mr. Lloyd George is probably even more eloquent and moving in Welsh than in English. He knows the country and its people as McKinley knew the Americans, Palmerston the English, or Gambetta

the French. No one can touch as he can on the romantic appeal of ancient Welsh life. No one is more imbued with the spirit and consciousness of a distinctive Welsh nationality, and no one has done more, or indeed half so much, to make that spirit of nationality politically effective. Even when he talks of Wales on his own hearth-rug, in the freedom of private conversation, an irrepressible light leaps out of his eyes, the voice takes on a softer inflection of tenderness, the language grows more impetuous and glowing, one feels the workings of an authentic inspiration. There is more than a little of the poet, the dreamer, and the evangelist in Mr. Lloyd George's temperament. If he had not been a politician he would assuredly have been a revivalist. Indeed, he often used to devote the methods of the camp-meeting to the service of politics, and never more often than when speaking from a Welsh platform to a Welsh audience. To many a stolid Englishman the Lloyd George who blew off Celtic steam among his beloved native hills and the Lloyd George who donned the official toga at Westminster seemed wholly different persons. They found it difficult to reconcile the extravagance of his rhetoric in Wales with the suave and practical sagacity he displayed as Cabinet Minister; and, clever as he is, I doubt whether he is quite clever enough ever to have taken the full measure of English stupidity and decorum or to have understood why, before the War, he was so frequently at odds with both.

Though of yeoman stock, Mr. Lloyd George's father was for most of his life a schoolmaster, and only reverted to the soil when his health demanded an out-of-door existence. Dying while still a young man, he left his widow and two children almost wholly unprovided for; and Mr. Lloyd George's earliest recollection is of his home and

furniture being sold up. "I was brought up," he told the Trade Union Congress, "in a workman's home. There is nothing you could tell me about the anxieties and worries of Labor that I did not know for the first twenty years of my life." An uncle who was the shoemaker and unsalaried Baptist preacher in a village in North Wales took charge of the family, and it was there, in a district saturated with the history and romance of the country, that Lloyd George grew up, a quick-witted, high-spirited lad, disciplined by severely straitened circumstances, speaking both the Welsh and English languages, and an eager listener at the informal parliament of neighbors and peasants that forgathered in the cobbler's workshop, there to discuss theology and politics—they go together in Wales—the iniquities of landlordism, and the oppressiveness of a social system that seemed to care so little for human life and happiness and so much for property and game. Those early years have left an ineffaceable mark on Mr. Lloyd George. It was then that he imbibed a spirit of passionate and poetic patriotism for Wales. It was then that there was implanted in him a fiery and abiding sense of compassion for the poor, the disinherited, the "under dog," the millions who toil and ineffectively murmur. The iron of poverty entered into his soul, not to corrode it with unavailing bitterness, but to sting it to indignation and revolt. He was a born rebel. He is a rebel still. There is perhaps no man in the British Isles to whom the smugness and conventions, the appalling contrasts and inequalities, the buttressed arrangements and plausibilities of life in Great Britain—as life was in that other state of existence before the War—were more absolutely repugnant. There is assuredly no man in whom the religion of humanity is more incarnate.

That admirable guardian, the shoemaker uncle, set aside the scanty savings of a lifetime to prepare his nephew for the law, and together they quarried out of old dictionaries and grammars and text-books the knowledge that enabled him to pass the necessary examinations. At sixteen he was duly articulated to a firm of solicitors; at twenty-one he had qualified as a solicitor himself; and in a few years he had built up a considerable practice. The law, however, never engrossed him. He joined debating societies; he plunged into the movement against the payment of tithes; he stumped the countryside on behalf of land reform and temperance; and when the County Councils came into being he roused the peasantry to shake off "the old feudal yoke of the squirearchy," and was himself elected to the Council of Carnarvonshire. A new Wales was born in the stress of that campaign. The spirit of Welsh nationality and Welsh democracy awoke once more; the old order of things that permitted Wales to be represented in the Imperial Parliament by landlords or commercial magnates or imported carpet-baggers, who neither spoke the language of the people nor had the wit or knowledge to look after their special interests, was clearly breaking up; and it was as a fervid champion of Welsh patriotism and the common Welsh people, peasants and miners and workingmen, that Mr. Lloyd George in 1890 was elected to the House of Commons. It would be perhaps too much to say that he has made a nation. But it is not too much to say that he made that nation for the first time politically operative and politically conscious of itself. He marshalled the Welsh forces in Parliament into a single whole, and led them with a vigor and brilliancy not less effective than Parnell's quite different methods. He pressed forward Welsh claims and rights as they had

never been pressed before, and against both the chief English parties in turn; he withstood even Gladstone for the sake of Wales. Could he have had his way, a Welsh party, independent of any English connection, biassed in favor of the Liberals but by no means annexed to them, would have been evolved. As it was he passed over from the tributary of Welsh Nationalism to the broader stream of British Radicalism, without, however, parting with one jot of his localized patriotism or prestige. On all questions of domestic politics his voice is still the voice of the Principality.

What has enormously added to the completeness of Mr. Lloyd George as an embodiment of Wales is that besides being a Welshman, a Radical, and as instinctively in revolt against the cold formalism of the Anglican creed and the dominance of the Established Church as the most dissentient of his Dissenting countrymen, he is also a vividly effective orator. His language is not always measured; he hits hard always, bitterly often, recklessly sometimes; his quick-moving mind flashes out in pungent, unforgettable phrases, few of which are without a sting; at covering an opponent with ridicule, pillorying him with the damning epithet, and goading him with pin-pricks of sarcasm and invective, he has no equal in British public life—but for the War the House of Lords was doomed from the moment Mr. Lloyd George described a ducal breakfast with two footmen bearing his Grace's egg—and on a popular platform where there is passion to be stirred, sentiment and broad humor to be appealed to, and a large mass of emotionalism to work upon, I count him one of the most refreshing, dramatic, and successful speakers I have listened to on either side of the Atlantic. He is in natural sympathy with the mind and outlook and sentiments of a crowd, and knows

by instinct just how to take them, what points they will relish and what effects will stay in their memories; and to produce those effects he will often descend to their intellectual level and rant and froth and be as vulgar as Cleon himself. Put him in another atmosphere and he is another man. Even in the House of Commons, where feeling and rhetoric are voted out of place and rather bad form, Mr. Lloyd George does not hesitate at times to sweep the chord of the deeper emotions, and I have known him hold that somewhat worldly and cynical assembly spellbound by a powerful and pathetic sketch of social misery. Few men are more keenly sensitive to the poverty and wretchedness and gloom in which the masses of the people dwell, and few are more apt or more skilled to make the House uncomfortable by reminding it of their existence. One of his speeches may often, in this aspect, be as salutary and disturbing as one of Mr. Galsworthy's plays. He has the first of all oratorical merits in being true to himself. The Celtic touch of idealism and imagination, the Celtic lack of shamefacedness in the presence of the emotions that Englishmen seek to smuggle away, a pouncing eye for a weak argument and a natural gift for luminous and pointed exposition combine to make him one of the most vital and persuasive of orators. He answers Pascal's test. You forget, when sitting beneath him, that you are listening to a speech. You remember only that you are listening to a man.

It took but a little while for Mr. Lloyd George to impress himself upon the House of Commons as a skilful tactician and a daring, radiant, biting swashbuckler of debate, the only man, indeed, on the Liberal side who could stand up to Mr. Chamberlain and return him blow for blow undismayed. He had from the first the three indispensable qualifications for political

success—courage, the incommunicable gift of seizing the occasion and attracting notice, and, lastly, an unwearying assiduity. He rose in the national legislature just as he rose outside it, by his own unaided merit. In many ways I do not know a man, except Mr. John Burns, who is more typical of the wholesome revolution that even before the War was passing over English life and politics and after the War will be immeasurably extended—the revolution that was gradually throwing open careers to talent and causing men to be judged by what they were and did rather than by the non-essentials of birth or position or wealth. The long distance, so quickly and buoyantly traversed, between an obscure solicitorship in Wales and the Chancellorship of the Exchequer has been an object-lesson in the realities of democracy from which the youth of the nation, even in a future when such careers may have ceased to be exceptional, will long continue to draw its inspiration.

But democracy is the "note" of Mr. Lloyd George's personality as well as of his career. He is one of the cheeriest and most approachable of men. Merely to catch a glimpse of him as he enters a room or walks rapidly through the lobbies, with life and vivacity speaking in every movement—a small, well-knit man, with gray-white hair brushed back in waves from a broad and powerful forehead, features in which strength and sensitiveness, good-humor and resolution, are blended in an almost poetic pallor, large flashing eyes that talk even when the lips move not, and an ever-ready smile of extraordinary sweetness—is to know him for the hearty, genuine, genial good fellow he is. Frankness and a captivating *camaraderie* flame from him. I can imagine no man less capable of cultivating the English habit of condescension or of working

up a "manner," or of affecting to be bored or overweighted by the responsibilities of office. "I like being President," once said Mr. Roosevelt to me with a snap of his emphatic jaws. Mr. Lloyd George is not far behind him in revelling in every fighting minute of the day. An exhilarating and infectious unaffectedness drives him merrily into the fray. His only pose, perhaps, is to have no pose at all, to be modern and emancipated to the finger-tips, to let nothing stand in the way of the prompt and efficient discharge of business. Like all good fighters there is nothing petty or malicious about him. I have often heard him review a debate in the House with an almost uncanny detachment, praising opponents with a large and generous appreciation it was good to listen to, and estimating the efforts of those on his own side with a wholly impersonal recognition of their value or their defects.

A month or two ago there arose, or there seemed to have arisen—it is not always safe in these matters to judge by appearances—a slight difference of opinion, "a conflict of memory," I think it was called, between Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Haldane. The merits of the case were far beyond the divining of anyone with my quite unabashed ignorance of what goes on behind the scenes of politics. But the juxtaposition of these two men in attitudes seemingly of defiance was a spectacle to intrigue any friendly onlooker. The Minister of Munitions has imagination, but he can never surely have pictured himself as solemnly rebuking anyone, least of all Lord Haldane, for inaccuracy. We shall hear next of Mr. Winston Churchill denouncing Sir Edward Grey for the exaggerated violence of his language, and Lord Winterton chiding Mr. Asquith for flippancy. It was the queerest case on record of compounding for sins you

are not inclined to by damning those you have every mind to. Nor could Mr. Lloyd George have ever dreamed that the day would deliciously dawn when, with swelling dignity and rectitude, he would be found publicly chastising that pattern of official propriety and circumspection, the ex-Lord Chancellor, for "the unwisdom" and indiscretion of making "partial and unauthorized disclosures of the decisions of highly confidential Committees of the Cabinet." Comedy could go no further. One hesitated, indeed, to say which of the protagonists aroused the more exquisite pleasure among those who know them both. Was it the figure of Mr. Lloyd George, whom all his friends love, but whom they have never quite thought of as a passionate devotee of facts and the conventions, suddenly blossoming forth as a champion both of microscopic literalness of speech and of impeccable correctness of conduct? Or was it the figure of Lord Haldane, the suave, the cautious, the philosophic, the encyclopedic, the most massive of our statesmen, thus abruptly summoned to refute the charges of mis-statement, and impropriety—the two crimes, precisely, that a Scotchman educated in Germany must most abhor? The answer, no doubt, was that to get the full perfection of the incident one ought not to separate the combatants even in one's mind. They had to be thought of together. The episode would have lost half its piquancy had anybody but Mr. Lloyd George been the assailant, had he attacked anybody but Lord Haldane, and had the accusations he brought against the ex-Lord Chancellor not been identically those that throughout his political career have always been brought against himself, but never up till then against his former colleague. It was just this topsyturvydom, this absolute inversion of their normal

parts, that gave to the players in that political curtain-raiser, and to the whole situation, the last touch of ironical completeness.

A mixture of Lord Haldane and Mr. Lloyd George would produce the ideal statesman. As it is, two men more separated in personality, in method, in training, in their instinctive ways of looking at things, and still more of doing them, probably never sat and worked together in the same Cabinet. They are both strong men, Lord Haldane by virtue of his intellect and his power of application, Mr. Lloyd George by virtue of the keenness of his perceptions and sympathies, his emotional intensity, and the touch of electioneering genius that enters into pretty nearly everything he says and does. They are both ardent democrats, Lord Haldane as a matter of principle and reasoned preference, Mr. Lloyd George as a matter of sentiment and humanity. Otherwise they are as far as the Poles apart. Lord Haldane spent a year or more in hard thinking before he produced the scheme that gave us the Regular Army and the Territorials we possessed a year ago. He looked all round the subject, he probed, questioned, examined and cross-examined, and sat in ruminating silence on the material he had collected. Then he laid his plan on the table, an extremely comprehensive, original, and cohesive plan, thought out in advance to its minutest detail. That, as we all remember, was not the way Mr. Lloyd George tackled the problem of National Insurance. It is not the way he would tackle anything. He is much better at getting up a subject than at getting into it. His mind works in flashes along the surface of things. One may doubt whether he ever spent a year's hard thinking on anything in his life. He sees an idea, catches at it, appraises its "political" value by instinct, and leaves it to others to work it out

for him. His own appetite for drudgery and minutiae is easily satisfied. It was during Mr. Lloyd George's Chancellorship of the Exchequer that an Old Treasury official remarked "The trouble with my chief is that he neither reads nor writes." And it is, no doubt, the case that his big conceptions are the fruit almost of intuition, while Lord Haldane's are the product of severe intellectual effort and step-by-step inquiry. The one is all brain, the other all instinct and spirit.

Even after a lifetime in British politics Lord Haldane still appeals to first principles and speaks on no subject that he has not compressed into its essentials in his patient, disentangling mind. His opinion formed, he expresses it as temperately and with as little artifice or theatricality as possible. He tries to work on men's reason, and never on their passions. Mr. Lloyd George, on the other hand, a man of nimble and acquisitive mind but without much general basis of culture, a man of unusual intelligence but not much intellect, relies for his effect upon his insight into, and his hold over, the feelings of the average run of men whose language he speaks. Captivated by large schemes and grandiose ideas, he launches into them with splendid dash and energy long before he has clearly grasped their essence and consequences or reduced them to the repellent elements of cost, machinery, and methods of operation. There is only one Lord Haldane. Whatever he is engaged on, and in whatever circumstances, he is the same competent, imperturbable, all-round man with the steady vision and the clear thoughts. But, as I have already hinted, there are almost as many Lloyd Georges as there are stages on which he appears. He is the quick-change artist of modern British politics. Rooted in little, he assimilates something of everything. Lord Hal-

dane is not, and never could have been, a popular leader. He lacks almost every qualification for the part. He has no eloquence; ideas warm and stir him, but not emotions; he lives in an ordered world of exact thinking and studious organization, far from the passions of ordinary humanity. If public life had not claimed him his natural bent would have taken him to philosophy, the lecture room, and a scholarly leisure. Mr. Lloyd George is the antithesis of all this. He feels far more intensely than he thinks. His creed is his temperament, and destiny might easily have made him a Welsh edition of Billy Sunday. One can no more conceive Mr. Lloyd George sitting down to read *The Pathway to Reality* than one can imagine Lord Haldane either delivering or enjoying the Limehouse speech. The strong meat of vehement harangues is as alien to the ex-Lord Chancellor's disposition as are quiet argument and a steady logical progress from premisses to conclusions to the disposition of Mr. Lloyd George. The latter is a man for whom in his public capacity and in normal times people in general feel either a violent affection or a violent dislike. He is one of those human beings who make neutrality impossible. But very few among the public feel strongly one way or the other about Lord Haldane. His personality is so overshadowed by his intellect as to leave on the popular mind an impression of colorlessness. That is why at a time like this the one slips inevitably into the background and the other comes inevitably to the front. But when the moment arrives for piecing together the shattered structure of society and rebuilding our national life on a new foundation, Lord Haldane's calm, deep mind will find scope to prove once more its value, its unique value, to the State.

It was, as I have said, the Boer

War that first brought Mr. Lloyd George into national prominence. After that fortune played freely into his hands. The Education Bill of 1902 bitterly offended him both as a Welshman and a Nonconformist, and after a campaign of astonishing vigor that thrilled his countrymen with something of the fervor of a religious revival, he organized the whole of Dissenting Wales into a passive revolt against its provisions. Even dukes and ground-landlords later on hardly came in for stronger language than that which he showered upon the Act, its authors, and the Established Church. The agitation left him the unquestioned leader of the Welsh people and the Welsh party, and, as such, a power not to be ignored in the ranks of British Liberalism. When Mr. Chamberlain in 1903 launched his programme of Protection, Mr. Lloyd George found another opportunity to hand. He gathered together all his powers of raillery and denunciation and all his sympathies with the "submerged tenth" to combat the new doctrines in and out of the House; and it was due to him more than to anyone that at the election of 1906 Wales returned to Parliament not a single member who was not a Liberal and a Free Trader. No party-leader could possibly overlook his claims to office, but of all the offices the last to which the average Englishman expected to find Mr. Lloyd George appointed was the Presidency of the Board of Trade. The thought of this impetuous Welshman, this fiery swordsman of debate, being entrusted with the care of British industry and commerce, made many men gasp with apprehension, and many more with astonishment. But before twenty months had gone by there was nobody in Great Britain, to whatever party he belonged, who did not recognize in the appointment one of the happiest and most successful that any Government had ever

made. Mr. Lloyd George poured a new vitality into his office, and raised it to the front rank of public beneficence. Men came to think and speak of him as "the business man" of the Cabinet. He passed many daring measures amid universal applause. He disentangled problems that his predecessors had found insoluble. Above all he greatly advanced his personal authority and prestige by averting the prospect—more than that, the certainty—of a terrible railway strike. His happy knack of radiating good humor and sympathy, his open-mindedness and almost instantaneous perception of what is essential as well as of what is possible, the reflex action of his candid and winning personality upon the men with whom he is dealing, made him, and still make him, an ideal man to compose a dispute and pilot a contentious measure through Parliament.

From the Presidency of the Board of Trade he passed to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. His very first Budget grappled resolutely and comprehensively with the whole problem of British finance. It taxed the rich man more severely than he had ever been taxed before; it increased with no sparing hand the duties on spirits and tobacco; it exacted from the saloon-keeper and the brewer and distiller a license-duty that at last secured to the State something approaching a fair equivalent for the monopoly it has granted to the sellers of drink; more important still, it differentiated for purposes of national taxation between various kinds of property; it laid down the principle that the owner of land was not in the same fiscal position as the owner of other commodities, and that he might fairly be required to surrender to the State a part at any rate of the "unearned increment" he enjoyed from the appreciation of his property, not through any efforts of his own but by the growth of the

community. This was the Budget which the House of Lords rejected, and by rejecting precipitated the Constitutional upheaval which had only begun to subside when the War broke out. Both as "a man of the people" and as the author of the Budget Mr. Lloyd George flung himself with unbridled vehemence and effect into the campaign against the Lords, some of the speeches he delivered being among the most vitriolic and vituperative ever known in English politics. His Budget reached the Statute Book at last; the attack on the Lords which he animated and led from the first likewise succeeded; and early in 1913 he celebrated his fiftieth birthday, characteristically enough, by a rousing speech in defense of the Insurance Act. He had some right to be jubilant; he had fought and won the toughest Parliamentary battle of modern times. The Insurance Act was probably the most daring and complicated scheme of national betterment ever proposed and carried in a single Parliament. Its passage was in many, but not in all, ways an extraordinary personal triumph for Mr. Lloyd George. The Bill was his conception, and on his shoulders fell most of the burden of explaining and defending it. It was he who, all but single-handed, carried on the innumerable and well-nigh interminable negotiations with the various interests affected; and though he must bear the blame for having introduced the measure without sufficient preparation, he is also entitled to the credit of having stuck to it in the face of great initial unpopularity, some severe electoral defeats, and an unceasing and none too scrupulous opposition. Men soon forgot the crudities and insufficiencies of the Act itself. But they remembered that the central idea of it was Mr. Lloyd George's own, and that he persisted in it with a courage and ability that have

perhaps never been surpassed in Parliamentary annals.

During the Home Rule controversies of 1913 and the first half of last year Mr. Lloyd George played behind the scenes the part of moderator and conciliator. Much of the prejudice he had excited by flamboyant harangues against rich men and lords and game-preservers, and by the unhappy heedlessness that involved him in the Marconi affair, had died away when the national thoughts were absorbed by the incidents of the Irish struggle. But there were still many who regarded him as an agitator only half-reclaimed; who found him unstable, restless, flighty, and in an office beyond his deserts; who were irked by his manifold lapses of taste; who distrusted his sense of political proportion, and who thought him lacking in that Imperial consciousness which a Chancellor of the Exchequer should have and a Prime Minister must have. But no one would repeat such criticisms to-day. The War has revealed a Lloyd George to whom every man and woman in these islands feels unreservedly grateful. I am not thinking of his financial statesmanship merely. It is a subject I am quite incompetent to discuss. But anyone could see that he rose to the crisis in his best manner—alert, clear-headed, unprejudiced, consulting freely and indefatigably with everybody who could claim to represent any considerable section of British commerce and finance, and acting with all his usual boldness and somewhat more than his usual circumspection. If London emerges from this War with its position as the centre of the world's finance still moderately intact, it will be to Mr. Lloyd George more than to anyone else that the credit of that achievement is due. But it is less for what he has done than for the spirit he has shown in doing it that the country is now ranged be-

hind him as one man. He has shown the warrior's soul. He has known how to address an old and haughty nation proud in arms. More than any of our public men he seems to have realized the full magnitude of the struggle and of the issues dependent from it, and the hideous loss of national strength which too much secrecy and too little plain-dealing have brought upon us. I sometimes wonder how any Englishman can have the face to talk of Germany's misreading of the British character, when he finds the authorities in and around Whitehall in a state of ignorance apparently as great and far less excusable. One of the most painful disclosures of the War has been the psychological gap it has revealed between the Cabinet and the nation, between our democracy and its rulers. Mr. Lloyd George alone, or almost alone, has displayed a real and consistent insight into the temper and emotions of our people. The courage to tell the truth, whether for the purpose of stimulus or of reproof, is one of which he possesses to-day, at least among Ministers, a virtual monopoly. He has made his errors and his failures, but they have all been on the right side. They have all proceeded from too much audacity rather than too little, from a confidence, which his colleagues did not share and were able to thwart, in the heroic potentialities of the British people, and from a passionate desire to evoke a spirit of self-sacrifice and determination deserving of victory. Except where he has been called in to undo other men's muddles or has been overruled in the Cabinet, there has been from the first moment of the War no trace of either mental or moral flabbiness in him. He took very early in the struggle a just esti-

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mate of the power and spirit that Germany would fling into it. He has lent no countenance to the insensate prattle about a short war or an easy war or of victory being possible on any terms except a complete transformation in our way of life and our habits of mind. To clear a path of light through the folly and fog of our present Censorship and make the War visible, tangible, and intelligible to every person in this kingdom, and to summon all classes to the united effort of self-forgetfulness that can alone insure our ultimate triumph—these are the objects for which he has tolled unflinchingly. No cause has appealed to him like this; none has raised him to such a height of exaltation or fused his powers of imagination and practicality into a firmer whole. In spite of some mistakes and of the intrigues and complainings of false friends, Mr. Lloyd George is to-day incomparably the most potent personality in the country. The moral leadership of the democracy has passed into his hands.

I am reminded by a letter in the *Spectator* of the 4th of September of a passage in which Walter Bagehot extolled the capacity of the British people to place at the head of affairs, in an emergency, and without doing violence to the Constitution, the man best fitted to pilot the nation through a storm. This inherent power was used at the time of the Crimean War to abolish the Aberdeen Cabinet and instal Lord Palmerston. The formation of the Coalition Government last May was proof, or partial proof, that it still exists. One cannot dismiss from one's mind that it is neither improbable nor undesirable that it should be employed again.

Sydney Brooks.

THE WAR AND SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

At this moment of national emergency we are confronted by an upheaval in British industry, which is all the more formidable because its causes are obscure and its range incalculable. This upheaval has affected transport, the coal trade, and the supply of munitions; it will, as Mr. Thomas warns us, develop into an urgent problem for whatever Government undertakes the task of conducting the war through the coming winter. My only claim to attempting a diagnosis of this situation is that since the day, seven years ago, when I introduced the Right to Work Bill I have heard all the debates on labor and examined with some care the successive crises which have disturbed our economic system. Looking back over these years we need feel no surprise at what is sometimes called "the bad behavior" of certain British workmen, especially of those—or some of them—who earn their living in rough seaports like Liverpool, Barrow, the Tyne, and the Clyde. We have here the inevitable result of a defective education, of chronic evils, still unremedied, and of that harsh atmosphere which is apt, as in South Wales, to breed faults on both sides.

Let us look at the case by way of retrospect. The General Election of 1906 aroused great hopes, yet proved to be only a Pyrrhic victory for social causes. Still, by that change, the destinies of the nation were committed to new men and new measures. Mr. Chamberlain's campaign was unsuccessful, but it was a failure that, like the parallel movement towards Socialism, brought the State into direct contact with the actual life of the poor. Questions of sectarian education, disestablishment, and Home Rule were overshadowed by economic controversies over the size of the loaf, regu-

lar employment, wages, access to land, and breakfasts for children. The old middle-class was submerged in the larger franchise, and even in Wales, the stronghold of dissent, a new nation was arising which, recruited as it was by immigration into the mining areas, became less contentious and more ambitious, anxious to govern instead of merely to protest and to revolt. Mr. Lloyd George went to the Board of Trade, where he dealt, not with the tyranny of Bishops and the sorrows of school-teachers required to play the organ on Sundays, but with railway magnates, shipowners, and millionaire patentees. Not a year passed before the economic issues, most reluctantly recognized by personages of the old school, were in fact, if not in form, dominant in the House of Commons. Child feeding, small holdings, a threatened railway strike, old-age pensions, and the poor law were urgently, if not always helpfully debated. Yet, with all the talk, a bold advance was delayed. Neither Mr. Birrell nor Mr. McKenna was an expert on infant diet. Mr. Burns stiffly awaited the reports of the Poor Law Commission, which, when received, gave him little satisfaction. Mr. Lloyd George, more supple, referred railwaymen to those blessed words, Conciliation Boards, while Mr. Asquith cautiously though proudly laid on the despatch box a tiny nest egg of a million or so for old-age pensions. Cottages were reserved for Ireland, and Mr. Harcourt's Small Holdings Act, though excellent in intention, was merely an ante-room where applicants might wait in patience for the dawn.

When war broke out, some of these problems had been squarely faced. Nine years of legislative effort had pensioned the aged, provided some food and some medicine, with much inspec-

tion, for the young; had insured the sick and disabled; and provided in a measure for the unemployed. Yet discontent, so far from abating, flamed forth, like the eruption of a volcano, without warning or explicit reason. Miners, dockers, railwaymen, postal employees, cotton workers, were all in turn, and sometimes simultaneously, seized by the epidemic. Trade was good, unemployment was at minimum, yet there was this constant, this often mysterious disaffection.

The legislation, so outlined, was thus for some reason inadequate. It assisted special classes—the under-fed child, the sick, the man out of a job, the aged, the consumptive—in a word, what the Devil calls the hindmost. It was ambulance work, admirable for casualties, but scarcely affecting the able-bodied soldier in the trenches. The Cabinet, following the line of least resistance, had naturally selected glaring, exceptional, and limited evils for treatment, while the normal workman, who was hale and hearty and by no means down on his luck, discovered that it was always some other fellow who was being looked after. He still remained on his old scale of pay and at the old contract, based on a week's notice. He found by experience that arbitration by conciliation boards, save in the case of the Post Office and of industries specially scheduled as sweated, scarcely modified the *status quo*. The awards, when converted into coin, left little change at the end of the week with which to develop the standard of life and meet rising prices. That was why the workers, even the best of them, angered their critics by tearing up their bond, as if it were only a scrap of paper. One leader after another was deposed, and all the union officials alike were mistrusted, despite their stern rectitude and unquestionable fidelity, because it was felt by the rank and file that somehow these men had

escaped from their class. They held the pen. They wore the black coat. They also had joined the ranks of economic privilege.

The trouble was aggravated by increasing evidences of luxury. Tempted by the Press, wealth, or, as sometimes occurred, the pretence of wealth, was revealed in the limelight, and increasingly courted advertisement. The cheapest papers were busiest in describing and possibly romancing about an affluent *régime*. Every artisan could see for himself what London spends on jewels, on furs, on hotels, travel, fishing, shooting, and costume balls. The more thoughtful Socialists studied new issues—how millions went to develop the Argentine, other millions to Japan, and other millions to the Dominions, while the savings of the British working man, if any, were reckoned, not collectively, but in detail, as pence. Sir L. G. C. Money turned the arithmetic into diagrams, and Mr. Snowden pointed the same with his peculiarly incisive epigrams. Nor did the middle-classes escape attention. The wage-earners read of garden cities—somewhere else; of cheap tours to Switzerland, which cost just too much; of theatres, where a decent seat would swallow up a day's pay; of golf, where a lost ball or a broken club would drive a laborer to the pawnshop. In London the gaiety of the West End, like the Lord Mayor's show, was shared to some extent by the poor; there were pageants to be seen, and glimpses of sumptuous gowns rewarded the spectator on the kerbstone. But in the North, where the difficulties have been acute, wealth appeared in a more selfish—or at least a more distant and less attractive—garb. The motor-car raced along the highway, leaving the cyclist in the dust if not in the ditch. There were no pageants, no gold lace—only the infinite comfort of the public-house and the pleasant relief of

hearing strong speeches from younger trade unionists who had not yet arrived at responsibility, a pen, and a black coat. Religion did not allay this rising impatience of the people. On the contrary, the revival of faith among the working classes, which assumed the form of the brotherhood meeting, consisted as much in a gospel of revolt as in total abstinence from liquor. Unhampered by theological prepossessions, and by no means to be reckoned among the "unco guid," the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon orator constantly preached an advance in comfort for the workers. Men who could not quote five sentences from the Sermon on the Mount were thus taught that a lofty authority confirmed their various yearnings and demands. The latest evangelicalism dealt with this world rather than the next, and was sometimes so devoid of mysticism as to seem, despite the hymns, like a merely political crusade.

Other hopes were aroused, and other resentments for the time being appeased by Mr. Lloyd George's land campaign. Opponents accused this statesman of endeavoring to snatch one more electoral victory. Admirers believed that he was honestly endeavoring to forestall an ugly outburst—long threatened—of industrial discontent. He had himself seen how, in July, 1911, a complex national strike had enveloped the transport of the country, and had plunged the empire into grave international peril. The coal strike had followed, and Dublin had produced Jim Larkin. It was thus no great wonder that Mr. Lloyd George, while putting from him the land tax formulæ of Mr. Wedgwood, should preach that the solution of the industrial difficulties would be discovered in a better use of land. Mr. Lloyd George, with his fund of human sympathy, turned instinctively from the theories of site value (of which in his famous Budget he

had heard enough from the lawyers) to the actual wages of the men who tilled the site. "The laborer's quid" became the cry which carried even land taxers like Mr. Hemmerde into Parliament, and, obviously, the watchword was of supreme concern to trade unionists in the towns. The reason why these organizations had failed, at any rate in recent years of high prices, to raise the standard of living, whether by negotiation, arbitration, or strike, was, after all, the fundamental fact that behind the collective bargain there lay a reserve of underpaid labor, always available through enlistment from the villages. After the famine years Ireland had supplied a similar reserve, and to this day the Irish quarter in many centres of population—a survival of the hungry 'forties—depresses the local labor market. But the policy of land purchase and the efforts of the Congested Districts Board had gradually absorbed this source of immigration, and it was now from the English countryside that railway companies, police authorities, and numberless other employers had automatically recruited the ranks of those who served them. Increase the wage in the village, and you make a new quotation right through the industrial schedule. The wage on the land is the index of all wages, just as the price of Consols is the index among brokers and bankers of all gilt-edged securities. Mr. Lloyd George's most convinced critics recognized this. I remember the late Lord Rothschild speaking to me with emphasis on the matter, a conversation to which, though private, I may here refer, because in his speeches he made public his views on the point.

When the war broke out, the land campaign, though not the emotions which it evoked, vanished without achieving results. But suddenly, by a stroke of destiny, the situation which Mr. Lloyd George hoped to produce by

uplifting labor on the farm was created *instantly* by the summons to the colors of a million or two men in the prime of life, and the employment of other millions on munitions. With this artificial scarcity, the price of labor, like the price of shipping and of sugar, rose by leaps and bounds. The workers, who previously had been accustomed to regard a job as a favor, now discovered that the favor was on their side. Hitherto it had been said that their patronage was only courted on those rare occasions when the governing classes wanted their vote. But now they were treated with respect and flattered by appeals all day and every day, Sundays included. Where employers had picked and chosen the men whom they would engage, the employed now picked and chose the employers whom they would serve and the hours at which they would render that service. Naturally they selected those days of the week and those hours of the day when the highest rates could be earned. And their output at times showed some tendency to decline, even in districts where the necessities of war were peremptory.

This situation, already strange enough, was complicated by a new fact—that is, the world-wide demand for munitions. In time of peace output is the source of wages, profits, and national prosperity. In modern war it is an essential of national existence. As saviour of his country, the man at the forge gained a prestige which is usually reserved for the hero on the battlefield. He was offered money and medals if only he would work. At Liverpool the greatest territorial magnate of the county has spent his time drilling a dockers' battalion. The wage-earner's sobriety, the quality of his whiskey, the strength of his beer, his early breakfast, and his habits on the Sabbath, provoked not only controversy, but a Parliamentary crisis.

Bonuses were showered upon him. In many areas he could, without excessive effort, make a wage that far exceeded the income-tax limit. Yet often, though able-bodied, he declined to do so. In the same family there would be one man so patriotic as to enlist, and another man so seemingly apathetic as to content himself with short time. Exasperated onlookers set off the example of the one against that of the other, not perceiving that the two men belonged to the same class or that the readiness to enlist and the reluctance to earn good wages arose from one and the same cause. Both men alike had been in unconscious revolt against the monotony of their usual toil. The one has preferred the perilous exhilaration of Flanders, and the other, when dissuaded from that, has flagged in his zeal for the old duties, which, before the heavens opened, were accepted as a matter of course. Given the usual money for the wife at home, and a fair margin for tobacco, the worker has often been content to eschew additional earnings, and the very man who might have won the Victoria Cross for gallantry at the Dardanelles would, when staying at home by special request of the War Office, sullenly endorse Mr. Keir Hardie's famous dictum that, after all, he would be no worse off as a wage earner if the Germans did rule in England. Not that he meant it. Not that he was really unmindful of his country's need. What, with restricted imagination, he could not see was the special heroism of a faithful performance of monotonous duties.

Enlistment has all the fascination of a splendid moral adventure. And, for the wage earner, that fascination is enhanced by personal contact with officers of high social rank. At the works, mate meets mate while the master sits at his desk, a distant figure, often suspected of financial designs,

and too seldom known personally. But in the trench the soldier eats and sleeps, fights, is wounded, and dies side by side with an heir to the peerage, a Gladstone, a Member of Parliament, and an Asquith, not one of whom can be accused of making a dividend out of the war. For the first time, it may be for the last time, the man feels that he counts one, and that with shrapnel bursting nobody counts more. He is clothed as never before. The best leather is reserved for his boots. Ladies wait on him in hospital, and give him rides in their motor-cars. He sees France, hears a new language, witnesses what no journalist may describe, and has at last something to talk about which others want to hear.

It is well that we should clearly perceive these realities before we have to deal, as a nation, with the position which will arise inevitably when, after the war, we endeavor to renew the old fabric of industry. To turn swords back into ploughshares will be a formidable task, but far more delicate will be the handling of immense bodies of men whose minds have been unsettled by the collapse of the old *régime* and by their one hour of glorious life. At normal times, to talk about "back to the land" for the clerk and the average industrial was folly. These men did not want to go back to the land. Trench warfare has taught the softest-handed townsman how to dig and master the soil. After such fusion with mother earth, will the clerk return to his desk? Will the industrial desert the open sky for his loom and his lathe? Moreover, we have for the first time admitted full State responsibility for dependents—not a mere 5s. a week, but a subsistence income amounting to a guaranteed wage paid by the State. Will the agricultural laborer return to 16s. a week, when his wife alone with her children has been receiving a sovereign? and will

wives ever again submit to house-keeping on a portion of their "man's" wage, after having handled their own money, in hard cash across the counter of the Post Office, without deduction, whether for beer or "baccy"? Again, what about these war bonuses? They are easy to grant, especially when the State pays the piper, but they are less easy to terminate, and, for the classes affected, their continuance during the war obviously weakens the personal motive for desiring an end to the struggle which has reduced unemployment to *nil*. Yet to maintain the bonuses when Government contracts are brought to an end might be to strain commerce to breaking point.

There is much to be said, on general grounds, for an all-round increase in wages. Money, so paid, is not lost. It maintains the home market, conduces on the whole to good health, and tends to diminish pauperism. The mere fact that the workers are doing well out of the war is not in itself to be regretted. But one wishes that they had done better out of peace. For the peril lies just here—that the new industrial standards, instead of being based on permanent and wealth-producing industry, are precariously maintained by an obviously artificial boom. The shortage of labor on which all depends may be followed by an unemployed surplus. Such surplus must tend to produce a slump in wages. And if, as is possible, there should continue to be an increased employment of women, and especially of young and marriageable women, it may be that men will find their places filled by the very girls whom, if they could get these places, they would make their wives. Hence it follows that statesmen will, if they are wise, make a close study in advance of the measures which will be needed to avert a real and even dangerous revulsion of industrial sentiment when the great struggle

is over. Relief works of the usual type will be utterly useless. There is much to be said for Mr. Lloyd George's view that, for some years at any rate, trade, if wisely directed by the Allied States, will continue to be good. While, undoubtedly, the war has been exhausting the resources of Europe, it has actually checked the development, some would say the too rapid development, of South America. The world will renew its demand for necessities of civilization, and, with German credit shattered and German workmen stricken to the ground by the hundred thousand, the opportunities of Great Britain will be not less than in past years. Moreover, the reconstruction of devastated areas must be as boldly financed as the war itself. Whatever may happen as to indemnities, which, if adequate to the case, will take years to clear off, loans must be made in the form of houses and goods for Belgium, Poland, Serbia, and the French provinces. The reconstruction must be carefully and comprehensively planned out in advance. In addition, the lesson must be learnt that a high standard of living, whether for rich or poor, depends, by inevitable law, upon steady, honest, efficient sober labor. If a nation will not work, neither will it eat, and in the long run its life will be neither more nor less abundant than the products of its industry and the invested fruits of its thrift. Trade unions have endeavored by curious and often incomprehensible customs to safeguard their members against over-driving of the machinery of commerce. Those customs should be, for the moment, laid aside. The aim of the unions was good. The method was far less sound. True industry should be based on the fundamental maxim that whatever a man finds for his hand to do, he should do it with his might.

The Fortnightly Review.

The ideal system would be short spells of hard work and complete change—entire recreation for the rest of the day. Hitherto we have devoted attention too exclusively to what goes on during hours of labor. We should now realize that labor, while it lasts, must be arduous, dirty, and unpleasant, and that the true compensation must be found, not in any mitigation thereof, but in a better use of a more extended leisure. If Great Britain is wise she will retain her war taxes, burdensome though they be. She will establish a high sinking fund on her debt, and she will invest that sinking fund, either directly or indirectly, in a complete reconstruction of her industrial centres of population, and especially of areas where, as in South Wales, a rapid influx of workers from surrounding counties has produced an acute housing problem. Until this is accomplished she will allow no man to be idle. And when it is accomplished she will have small reason to fear either disloyalty or ingratitude among her working classes. If she allows herself to be too preoccupied to attend to the vital necessities of her population, and especially of that population which labors in the North of England and the South of Scotland, she will quickly discover that the crisis which she has so boldly faced in Europe will be followed by a not less challenging crisis nearer home. The prospect would be alarming if it were not for one fact. Forewarned is fore-armed, and we may surely assume that our statesmen are alive to the duty of thinking out not only the terms of peace which will re-settle the map of Europe, not only the strategy by which those terms of peace are to be composed, but the industrial conditions by which domestic peace is to be maintained within our own borders.

Philip Whitwell Wilson.

THE TOLLHOUSE.

BY EVELYN ST. LEGER.

CHAPTER I.

In our village the opening of Parliament, even by H.M. the King, usually passed unnoticed. It was one of those events belonging to London, the Empire, possibly the World, but one with which the inhabitants of our village had no personal connection. They read of it in their Sunday papers along with murders, football matches, and wickedness in high places, then, without actively dismissing the incident, they merely let it fade from their minds.

In the year 1913, however, on the 10th day of March, this State procession was brought home to each of us, in the closest manner possible, by the visit of our Mrs. Kidston to Westminster.

Mrs. Kidston lived somewhat apart from the village—that is to say, that though in it, she was not of it, for the reason that her house was quite several yards distant from any other house, and it dominated the cross roads for nearly half a mile. In former days its importance as the Tollhouse was defined by the large gates controlling the traffic to and from the nearest town, and now, even without these outward signs, Mrs. Kidston saw to it that its authority was not one whit dimmed so long as she resided under its roof.

Mrs. Kidston was, without a shadow of doubt, "the lady of the village." Up at the house there lived the Squire—generally known as Sirenry; and the Squire's wife and family—spoken of respectively as her ladyship, Master George, Miss Mary, and the children-at-the-house. In and out, and round about, lived the Parson and the Parson's wife, the Doctor and the Doctor's wife, and a few other people like myself who lead a peaceful and unevent-

ful existence from the fact that in Mrs. Kidston's eyes we do not count.

On this day afore mentioned, Mrs. Kidston went to London by the early train, with a card in her reticule indicating that her presence was desired at the House of Commons, St. Stephen's entrance, somewhere about the hour of noon. The groom-at-the-house drove Mrs. Kidston to the station, saw her off in safety, and, returning for her later, deposited her on her own doorstep while the daylight still held.

It was impossible for the village to be blind to the fact that great things had happened in London that day, of which Mrs. Kidston alone could speak and she would. There was a triumphant flip about her skirts as she was set down, her handshake of gratitude to the groom-at-the-house betokened a sudden knowledge we all longed to share, and the newspaper she carried—an evening newspaper—filled us each with a covetous desire.

We tried to wait. Our manners strove with our curiosity, but could not prevail; and one by one we called at Mrs. Kidston's just to inquire how she had borne the journey and a long day in town.

She welcomed us all in, proud of the position that circumstances had given her, and, forthwith, showing no sign of fatigue, she told us all we wished to know.

She had been met at the station by Miss Mary, who called out "Hullo, Nankins!" on the platform, and made many people turn round to look at her; then she was put in a taxi-cab in charge of the children-from-the-house and driven to Parliament. There were flags flying and bands playing, bells pealing and cannon roaring,

crowds upon crowds lined the roadway which was sanded a beautiful color for the King's procession.

Mrs. Kidston stood on a portion of the curb apparently set apart for her and her only; the children stood on either side until the approach of the Ambassadors' carriages. Then they slipped in between two stalwart soldiers who allowed them this chance of a better view.

The carriages! Mrs. Kidston's language failed to express her wholehearted admiration for the bewigged coachmen, the powdered flunkies, the panelled chariots, and the glorious occupants. She made brave attempts, but quickly gave up her search for suitable adjectives and took refuge in "lovely!"

"They were lovely! oh, but they were lovely! you never see such things—the uniforms and the ladies' dresses; oh—but there, they were just lovely!"

"And did you see the King and Queen, Mrs. Kidston?"

"To be sure I did! but anyone can see the King and Queen in London a'most any day. What I saw"—here Mrs. Kidston gave a comprehensive glance round the room to include us all, "What happened this time, and what I saw with my own two eyes, was the new German Ambassador being dragged through the streets of London by the police!"

Mrs. Kidston nodded her head to emphasize the truth of her story, and in the pause following her words we gasped, as was expected of us, with amazement.

"Through the streets, Mrs. Kidston?"

"Through the streets of London, down—Whitehall, I think they call that sandy bit—past Westminster Abbey, him and his Princess! He's a Prince, I believe, and his name is Lick something."

"But why, Mrs. Kidston?" In imagination most of us at that moment

saw their Excellencies handcuffed, and struggling on the pavement protected only from a yelling mob by the arm of the law. Mrs. Kidston had not said this in so many words, but her manner led us to this conviction. We asked quickly, "What had they done?"

"They hadn't done nothing—'twas their horses! Made in Germany, I suppose, and didn't like the English guns. Took fright, they did, in the Mall, and the coachman he couldn't drive them, and they had to be got out of the way before their Majesties came; so they was unharnessed, and a lot of policemen took hold of that great coach, and they pulled and they pushed and they shoved to get the German Ambassador up to his place in time."

"Did they do it?" we breathed anxiously.

"They did; but only just. Our children got a beautiful view, standing there between the Grenadiers, right in front they were, and saw the cream-colored horses and the liveries of those walking grooms, and the King and Queen looking for all the world like a fairy-story in a glass coach. Oh, it was lovely! They stopped just opposite us, they did, when the road was blocked by the Germans—long enough for the Queen to turn pale and shudder. I could see that as plain as plain; then when the Germans were moved on, the King he spoke to her very quiet-like, and she bowed to me and the children as if we were friends."

"Well, Mrs. Kidston, you were lucky!"

"Yes, I'll allow I was," she said with some condescension, unfolding the newspaper. "There's something about it here, if you like to read, but of course it doesn't tell what I can tell, and you can believe if you like. It's a omen! that's what it is I've seen this day; you mark my words—a omen! All this talk about war with Germany, I don't believe that there Emperor would ever

be so silly, not after he knows what's happened to-day. His Ambassador's horses frightened by the English cheering and the English guns! What's that but a omen? His Ambassador dragged through an English crowd by London police, all very friendly and laughing in peace time, but in time of war—Do you think he'll risk it? After this?—Well, if he does——” Mrs. Kidston flung back her bonnet-strings and folded her arms over her waist, “I for one shall have no fear—not after what I've seen to-day.”

The light of divination shone in Mrs. Kidston's eyes as we thanked her and wished her good night.

CHAPTER II.

In July 1914, we were all expecting the family to come back home from London and keep us lively through the summer. According to the notices on the side wall of the Tollhouse there was to be the cricket-matches and a garden party, and the school treat, and a Mothers' Union Meeting with the Bishop in the chair, and a Primrose League fête, and a Church of England Men's gathering,—all arranged for August up at the house. Most of us in our village were busy seeing to our smart clothes and hoping to surprise each other with a new hat bought at the sales, or some piece of elegance kept in secret till the suitable moment arrived.

The family were coming after “Lords.” Some of us were hazy as to the exact meaning of the announcement, but when Mrs. Kidston was our informant none were brave enough to question her, and thereby reveal their own ignorance, so we threw a note of confidence into our voices when repeating it to neighbors on the road. “Yes, they are coming after Lords!” Then we hurried on lest delay should be our trap.

Of course we knew the country was

in a state of agitation over the Irish Home Rule affair, and people said we were on the brink of civil war; we hoped it was not true, and trusted it would not upset all our summer plans. As the Primrose League fête was fixed for the third Saturday we felt we had not long to wait, but would soon be in the heart of things political.

The family came down according to their rank: first the servants, then the children; then her ladyship and Miss Mary and Master George; followed the next day, when all was quite as it should be at the house, by Sirenry and an M.P., who was to speak to us on the Saturday and tell us all the secrets of the Government.

I don't know how it got about, but before the meeting in the park we all knew Miss Mary had a lover. Mrs. Kidston never said a word; but the second housemaid was a long time calling at the Tollhouse one evening before dark, and the next day Mrs. Kidston went up to the house in her black cashmere, and was there ever so long. We knew the black cashmere generally meant a visit to the schoolroom; but once there, she might of course dally a bit in the housekeeper's room, or the nursery, or even be sent for to her ladyship's boudoir; any way, we learnt nothing from her on her return but were rewarded the very next day by seeing Miss Mary set down at the door by the motor that went to fetch Sirenry.

While Miss Mary was there, the door of the Tollhouse was shut; this never happened for anyone in the village. What we had to say to Mrs. Kidston was public property; the door was only shut for a member of the family.

We watched for more than an hour; the motor came back, called at the Tollhouse, and then went on; we began to think Miss Mary must have slipped out of the window at the back, as she

often did when a child, and as Master George does to this day; so we decided to take a stroll as far as the park gates and see what we could see. Fortune was on our side; as we passed the Tollhouse, the door opened and Miss Mary came out.

Her face was red, and her eyes were very bright. Mrs. Kidston's voice was heard saying "It'll all come right, dearie; don't you fret your pretty face. The good God can't abear to see you spoil your looks, let alone another man."

"Sh, Nannie!"

We walked on, one ear well mannered enough pretending to be deaf, the other one strained to inquisitiveness. A figure came out of the gate in front of us—a man's figure, not Sirenry or Master George; the blood in our veins began pumping. Miss Mary, just behind, said "How do you do? and good evening to you both!" as she passed us walking very quickly. We didn't know what to do, whether to go on or to go back; we did not want to seem to be spying, but we did want to see, since there seemed a chance of seeing, so we decided to walk on; but two steps afterwards, Mrs. Kidston called to us and we had to turn round. She stood in her doorway talking, and kept us there facing her, and she facing the road while she told us about the seating arrangements for the next day—as though that was what Miss Mary had been talking about—and when she had finished, and we could turn back, the road was empty. That's Mrs. Kidston all over.

The next day was the fête, and the chief speaker was a very young-looking man to be a member of Parliament; but he spoke well, and told us a lot of things about the Government and made us laugh—he was full of jokes; and all the time a voice kept saying in my ear, "He's Miss Mary's man"; thinking that made him seem more in-

teresting than the politics. Afterwards, seeing them ride on a merry-go-round—she on an ostrich and he holding on to the gilt pole beside her, and looking down into her face—we knew. We didn't want telling, we just knew he loved our Miss Mary; and Miss Mary—well, she must have liked him or she would have hopped off the bird next time the thing stopped, which she didn't do; nor him neither.

We overheard Sirenry talking to some county people, and he was saying in his gruff voice, "It's very, very serious, you know; one can hardly believe we are on the verge of civil war; this wretched Government!" Then we got mixed in the crowd.

Alice, the second housemaid, was walking with a soldier who bought her a fairing under our eyes; they looked very happy, as we remarked to Mrs. Kidston, later, on our way home. But she thought the lad was a good-for-nothing fellow, and Alice ought to look higher.

The next few days were crowded with interest; Sirenry went to London and so did the M.P.; telegrams kept coming and going all day long. The servants-from-the-house said something was up, but they did not know what it was—they thought it was Ireland. Poor old Davies got notice to quit from the agent as he was behind-hand with his rent, and was not considered satisfactory, so Mrs. Kidston said, and Sirenry had only let him stay on so long because of her ladyship. We were all sorry for the old man. Then when Miss Lessor's voice was absent from the next choir practice we had a fresh subject for conversation. It seems she had a rumpus with the Vicar, who said our school-teacher's treble was too shrill—and so it was, and a good thing to let her know; but she took offence and went out of the choir, and said she would never come back, not if Parson was to ask her on

bended knee—a likely thing indeed for a clergyman to do, as Mrs. Kidston said. Gradually bits of news drifted into the village, that kept us busy with excitement. One rumor, Mrs. Kidston allowed, was true—namely, that Alice the second housemaid had been given a month's notice, all along of that soldier lad who kept her out too late that night we saw them together. Alice was a nice-looking girl, and we all felt sorry she should be dismissed like that; but of course we knew her ladyship's rule was a good one and a strict one, and if it was to be broken for Alice it would be broken for every one, and then the house would be no better a place for maids than any common house in a town. Still we were full of sorrow for her and her lad till we heard about Master George. Master George had failed in his examination and Sirenry was very angry. We didn't rightly know what it was Master George was to do or ought to have done that he didn't do; but most of us knew what it meant to have Sirenry angry, and comments on the situation usually ended with "Poor young gentleman!" while we wondered what he would do next.

Then it became an open secret amongst us that Miss Mary was not to be allowed to marry the man of her heart, and that took a hold of us more than anything. We had seen Miss Mary grow up from a child, and everything she ever did was an interest to us. There wasn't one of us but would do anything for Miss Mary to make her happy; it seemed strange that her own father shouldn't be of the same mind; but from what we heard, he wasn't—more's the pity.

CHAPTER III.

I don't know which day it was, but quite suddenly everybody began talking of war. We were watching a cricket-match in the park one afternoon, when

people said the Germans had begun fighting; but we couldn't believe it, and the next day they said England might be drawn in, but we didn't think it likely. We had got no quarrel on with anybody; why should we interfere with Europe? What we said was, let them fight as wants to, and let them as don't keep out of it. Mrs. Kidston said if the German Emperor and the Austrian Emperor wanted to have a go at the Czar of Russia and the French President—she got their names off as pat as that—why they could, so far as she could see, and the only part for us to take would be to let King George be the umpire. We agreed it was a very good idea and many of us wondered whether the Government had anybody clever enough to think of it.

Almost before we had finished being surprised at such talk, we heard that while we were all sleeping sound in our beds the country had gone to war at midnight. Such a time to choose when every decent Christian ought to have been saying his prayers if he wasn't snoring! And there we were, in for it up to our necks along with all the others.

The difference it made to us I can't hardly describe. I'm afraid of forgetting some of the differences, but I want to write them down "for our children's children," as they say, not but what for many of us it will be other people's children who may read this history.

All the gay notices on our Tollhouse were covered over with papers from the War Office, that told a tale! the cricket-matches and the fêtes and the meetings all disappeared under Regulations and Calls to Arms; we stood and gasped at what we read—it didn't seem as if it could be true. What brought it home to us was when Alice's young man went off to join his regiment and took another brother with him to en-

list. Alice was so excited it did not look as if she cared very much; she came down the village, all beaming smiles, and she stood talking to anyone who would listen, she was that proud of being a soldier's lass; Miss Lessor called her a shameless hussy in a whisper. She said that Sirenry was staying in London, at the War Office she thought, that Master George had been telephoning most of the day, that her ladyship had promised beds and blankets and half the house if it were wanted for a hospital, and that Miss Mary had accepted an invitation to dine and sleep somewhere the following evening without telling her ladyship, who was very angry when she found it out.

Mrs. Kidston came out to her door when she heard this, and she said: "Now, Alice, you can talk of your own affairs to the gossips if so be you've got a mind to do it, but you don't talk about the Family, not in my hearing no ways, so just leave Miss Mary alone."

Alice put her head in the air, and she said: "Oh, very well, Mrs. Kidston, then I suppose you don't want the message I was sent to you with, seeing it concerns Miss Mary. I had better not mention it perhaps."

There was a moment's silence, then Mrs. Kidston said: "Is it in writing, Alice?" Very clever of her, wasn't it? And Alice was obliged to give her the note she had in her jacket pocket.

Of course if Mrs. Kidston could have managed it we should never have known what happened while she was staying away with Miss Mary, going as maid as she did sometimes, when her ladyship wanted to be very particular. Certain houses she went to instead of the young maid, rather fast we heard they were, so her ladyship was quite right.

Not a word did Mrs. Kidston tell us. She was as secret as the grave. She packed up her black silk with the net

front, I saw her do it because she called me into help her, and she put in her gold brooch and her watch and chain, and when she came back I went to help her again. Do you think she told me anything? Not she. "It was a nice house, they had been very kind to her as they always were,"—this to let me know she had stayed with the quality before,—“and Miss Mary had been very much admired.”

"Anybody special?" I asked Mrs. Kidston.

"Oh, I think they were all of one mind," she said, and no more.

Other folk are not so discreet. I am not going to give him or her away, but somebody in the village knew that the gentleman who had made the speech for the Primrose League, and had ridden on the merry-go-round with Miss Mary, was staying in the same house that very same time, and had travelled part of the way back with her, and that Mrs. Kidston hadn't seen how she could prevent it, and was very upset because of what her ladyship would say.

This was a piece of gossip for us; and, though we all greatly respect and admire her ladyship, yet we all love Miss Mary, and it did seem hard if she wanted to have some fun that she couldn't have it without Mrs. Kidston. Still, we felt a bit excited at knowing there was romance in the air, even if we knew nothing more for the present.

By the end of the week there was another notice on the Tollhouse, inviting all who wished to work for the soldiers to go to the house Tuesdays and Fridays at three o'clock, which of course most of us did, and were kept busy in the servants' hall, with the ladies cutting out and helping as busy as anyone; after the first time, when we had all learnt our job and knew what to do, Miss Mary would come and read to us from *The Times*, so that we had the most reliable news

of anyone in the place. When there was anything very good, Miss Mary used to cut it out and paste it on cardboard, and then Mrs. Kidston would hang it on the side wall of the Tollhouse for all the village to see. Several maps and Lord Kitchener's address to his troops hung there, and so did the King's, and the Prince of Wales's letter for the National fund, and the Queen's letter about the needlework, and later on the Princess Mary's request for help from everybody to send Christmas presents to the soldiers. Mrs. Kidston was always proud of her house, but now it became a sort of historical centre not only for the village, but for the neighboring town: people driving past on their way to market would stop to read, then go on and throw scorn on any rumor of the High Street that lacked authority of the Tollhouse, and, returning homewards later, the same people would tell Mrs. Kidston what they'd heard and ask her if it was true. Mrs. Kidston would answer, very quiet-like, that it wasn't in *The Times* last Friday or Tuesday, as the case might be, and she hadn't heard it mentioned at the house. "Tisn't likely," she would say referring to the townspeople, "that they sort should know anything before the Family with the telephone and all."

When we first heard about the Russians there was tremendous excitement in our village, for we heard it from old Davies's grandson, who'd been at the junction with milk for the early train and came back straight to Mrs. Kidston with the news that ten thousand Roosians had gone through our station in the night. Train upon train had gone roaring through every ten minutes, and the porter told him they was full of Roosians.

We all believed it because the noise of the trains had kept most of us awake. We gathered round the Tollhouse and described our sensations of

the small hours to each other, trying to ignore the lack of sympathy on the part of Mrs. Kidston. Each alone we should have been discouraged, but all together we forced our unwilling hostess to see in our haggard faces and our nervous talk the positive result of a bad night's rest. Which bad night was now explained by old Davies's grandson. Mrs. Kidston remained unconcerned. We knew why. Until she heard of this event from the family or *The Times*, she was not going to be interested in any news coming from less authentic quarters. She said she did not believe it, because it was a round-about-way for the Russians to get to Germany. She stepped outside her door, and we followed her to the side wall where, with a knitting-pin, she pointed out the map and traced a direct route from St. Petersburg to Berlin. "What's to prevent the Czar from marching straight there?" she asked. "Nothing that I can see; and what's he want to bring them round through England for? Nothing again. It's just a lot of silly rubbish. I don't believe in nobody's bad nights. I slept very well myself from nine o'clock till six. I never heard nothing."

Later in the morning, the butler-from-the-house rode up on his bicycle and went in to see Mrs. Kidston; we were all agog for news and watched through our curtains for anything there might be to see. When he came out Mrs. Kidston came with him, and they both went round and looked at the map of Europe, and Mrs. Kidston again marked out the direct route—from Moscow this time—to Berlin. Mr. Butler—it was his name as well as his calling—Mr. Butler shook his head, we could see that quite well, and ran his finger right away from Moscow round the top of the map, pausing it where England would be, then jumping it—I suppose across the Channel—and then ran it on again into France. This

was thrilling enough for us at a distance; for Mrs. Kidston it must be convincing. The family-at-the-house evidently knew something, and Mr. Butler was in a position to tell what they knew.

Confirmation reached us that evening when Mrs. Davies—old Davies's daughter-in-law who had done a day's charring up at the house—returned with the news that the family knew all about the Russians because the Primrose gentleman had a friend who had seen a Russian officer on a platform one evening at a station in the north of England, and—here Mrs. Davies stopped, and for the moment Mrs. Kidston allowed her to take the floor, as it were, unopposed—"and the Primrose gentleman had written this to Miss Mary!"

We were silent from amazement. While searching for truth about the Russians we had been landed suddenly into Miss Mary's love story. It made us dumb, all but Mrs. Kidston.

"How do you come to know that, Maria?" she said, rather sharp.

"I knows what I knows, but I doesn't always tell," said Mrs. Davies, who loved a fencing-bout with the lady of the village; and we followed her with admiring eyes as she moved on to old Davies's cottage, leaving Mrs. Kidston, she hoped, discomfited.

CHAPTER IV.

So Miss Mary was corresponding with the Primrose gentleman! That was the thought we took to bed with us, slept on it, and still found its illuminating presence on the pillow when we woke. The war was dismissed from our minds till the middle of next day.

Just at the dinner-hour, Master George came down the road with Miss Mary; they stopped at the Tollhouse and borrowed Mrs. Kidston's bell. Those of us at our window called to

the less fortunate farther afield, and ran to our doors. Master George was ringing it from the middle of the cross roads. Out we went and listened. "I want all the men of the village to give me ten minutes of their dinner-time; will they do it?"

No one answered spontaneously.

"After dinner, if you can finish ten minutes sooner. I never talk to a hungry man!"

"Right, sir, we'll come!" The women echoed, "Yes, sir, they'll come!"

Master George and Miss Mary spent the interlude in the Tollhouse talking with their old nurse, who no doubt left her dinner over-cooking in the oven while she enjoyed their conversation.

When the men collected at the cross road, we stood in our doorways and listened to Master George as he made a speech to us about the war. He did do it wonderfully well—so young, too, he looked standing there. He told us the reason why we were fighting, and he described to us the bravery of the poor Belgians, and he told us some fresh horrors of those awful Germans, and he said how we must all help our King who had given his word to support France and Belgium if they were attacked by Germany. Then he said that all the men who could go to fight must go; and as this was his last day at home—for he himself was off to-morrow—he had come to see how many would enlist from his own village before he went. Master George said he hoped the women would be brave and send the men off cheerful-like and not try to stop them. He knew war was hard on the women, he said; for they stayed at home and thought of all their boys were enduring, while the men went off and had all the excitement of the fight; and even if they were wounded they had the glory of knowing they had done their duty to their country.

Then Miss Mary began to talk; and she said, very clear, "Don't think we are asking you to do more than we are ready to do. We are giving"—here her voice trembled a little; but she went on softly, "we are giving our best. All of us have to make sacrifices; and up at the house and here in the village, I think we women won't be behind any other women in the land. Master George is going"—she laid her hand on her brother's arm and kept it there; Mrs. Kidston in her doorway wiped her eyes furtively as she heard the break in Miss Mary's voice—"and I want to tell you something about him that he won't tell you himself. He went up to London three weeks ago and he enlisted as a private because he wouldn't waste any more time waiting for a commission, and he worked and drilled and marched and lived just as he is asking you to do. He never told us, because he thought her ladyship mightn't like it. We only knew he was very busy with something connected with the war; and then, the day before yesterday, he was made a lieutenant in our own regiment, and to-morrow he goes off to join, and, after some months' training, he hopes to get to the Front."

"Three cheers for Miss Mary!"

We felt very choky in the throat as we gave them, followed by three cheers for Master George; then one of our lads held up his hand. "I'll join, please, sir!" "And I, sir!" "Right, sir, so'll I!"

Master George turned his head towards the Tollhouse. "Pencil and paper, please, Nannie!" he called out. "I will just take your names now, and I'll meet you here again this evening," he said, "with the proper forms. My father has promised that every man who joins shall be taken on again when the war is over; and her ladyship says you may take it from me that she and Miss Mary and Mrs. Kid-

ston will take care of the women and children while you are gone."

The men said "Thank you, sir," and went off to their work. We gave Mrs. Kidston time to have her dinner and wash up before we went to talk to her; and, meanwhile, Mr. Collins, Sirenry's agent, came through the village and called on old Davies. He didn't stay long, and within half an hour we knew the old man was not going to leave his cottage, all on account of the blessed war. Mr. Collins said his orders were that life in our village was not to be made harder for no one while our country was fighting the enemy. That showed the difference the war was making in Sirenry already.

Well, by the time Mrs. Kidston had finished washing up her belated dinner it was time for us to go to the house—it being one of our working afternoons—and we did more in the time than we had ever done before, feeling, I suppose, that we might be working for some of our own. Miss Mary came in to read to us, and was then called away to see a visitor. We didn't think much of that, and went on working, and, by 'm by, tea was ready; and just as we finished, Miss Mary came and apologized for leaving us so long, and said, to make up for her absence, would we like to see Master George in his uniform?

Mrs. Kidston answered for us all, and Miss Mary went out into the passage, and we heard her say, "Come along G., they want to see you!" Then there was a lovely sound on the stone floor outside, and in come her ladyship and Miss Mary and Master George and another gentleman, both dressed like officers. We couldn't say a word, we were so excited. Master George showed himself off very well, and he did look fine in his khaki. Her ladyship was so pretty and proud as she watched him, saying nice little things to us all about the enlisting and about

letting our men go, and how it was always our best we must give when the King wanted it, and I saw her lip quiver as she said it. Miss Mary and the other officer stood in the background, and I saw a glance pass between them that told me they had found the Best, and no mistake; I fancy they had told each other before that. I felt my cheeks burning at having seen that look and all it said. I tried to get behind Mrs. Davies, I was so afraid of catching anybody's eye. Miss Mary, she looked so sweet, and the top of her head just reached that officer's shoulder, and something about him clanked on the ground when he moved: I don't know whether 'twas his sword, or his spurs, or his boots, or what it was. I didn't seem able to look; but the sound was just lovely, and made my heart beat quick. I can't think what Miss Mary's must have been like—standing there close to him, and him looking at her as if she was his Best.

Then her ladyship said, "Well, Mary, we must not keep them any longer," and, turning at the door, she said, "Good evening to you all!" and went out followed by the others. Master George jumped over a form, he was in such spirits; then he saluted, and said what sounded like "olive oil, Nannie"; and Mrs. Kidston laughed and seemed to say, "Oh rivers, Master George." I suppose it was some joke in a foreign tongue she had picked up in the old days when she was nurse-at-the-house.

The walk home to the village was very nearly a wrangle. Somebody said that the new officer gentleman was the same as the Primrose gentleman, and the rest of us contradicted. We knew it wasn't, but somebody else, probably Mrs. Davies, knew it was. Swore it was she did, over and over again, and I got that angry with Mrs. Kidston for saying nothing when she

could have settled the discussion once for all, that I got a heart attack and had to rest on a stone heap to get my breath comfortably, and the others waited round, all but Mrs. Kidston, who went on alone in her glory and liked it.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Collins was very good, he gave the men who wanted it an hour off the next morning to go and play Master George from the station. They agreed to work an hour later to make up at the other end, and away they went, with their brass band and their drum, and carrying the Union Jack and the Russian and Belgian flags. Our eight men who had enlisted went by the same train, so it was a wonderful sight for our Junction. I believe the passengers put their heads out of the windows and asked what was going on, and, when they saw Master George and the officer, someone said it was the Prince of Wales and Lord Kitchener; that's, I expect, how one rumor got about which came back to our ears a few days later.

When the band returned they were full of stories about the Russians. They had been seen in thousands upon thousands going through the country in express trains for three nights, and with all the blinds down. It was to be kept a most awful secret, and we only whispered the news from one to another for fear of a spy anywhere in the neighborhood. The War Office didn't want the Germans to know, so we were to keep any news to ourselves and not speak of it in public. Mindful of this, we only tiptoed in twos and threes at a time to look at the map on the Tollhouse and mark how the Russians came. From husky throats we caught the words "Archangel" and "ships": "Russian ships been laid up for the winter suddenly ordered out"—"north of Sweden," "top of Scotland," "Leith, Liverpool, Cardiff, South-

hampton, and Dover." Then "transports" and "the Channel, Calais, and Ostend. To get in behind—cut communications, and surprise the enemy. After that the end of the war would be in sight."

We gasped: "Who had thought of it? Such a clever plan!"

Some man, who didn't want his name mentioned, had thought it out two years before and told the War Office; so far, it had been one of the best-kept secrets the world had ever known. We were simply thrilled, and asked Mrs. Kidston what she thought. She surprised us by saying she didn't believe it. We asked her reasons. She said it sounded too clever; and when we said "Why?" she just couldn't see the object of the train journeys! If they got all those troops to Scotland by sea they could get to France by sea; and if the North Sea wasn't safe, there was the Irish Channel spoiling for a look in. No; the more she heard the less she believed. It was a fine plan, but a silly waste of time.

We were all very cheered when we got the news of the Heligoland battle—it seemed to increase the confidence of the village; and we had some splendid pictures of the Admirals posted up on the Tollhouse. My favorite was Beatty, but Mrs. Kidston's choice was the one with a look of the Bishop of London. Quite sweet she was on him, if one could say such a thing of our lady of the village. When Maria Davies, pointing to him, asked "Who's he?" and we said "Christian," she snorted loudly, "Thank you for nought," she said, "with a face like that he couldn't be heathen, not if he tried." On finding it to be the gentleman's name as well as his calling, of course nothing so suitable had ever come Maria's way before.

Reading about them all doing so well at sea, and the thought of our Russian secret, and the effect it would have on

the Germans, made us talk as if the war would soon be over. Maria Davies said at the house they believed it was going to last for years, and, as far as Alice was concerned, she must say it would be a good thing if it did. For her ladyship was going to keep the girl on now her soldier had gone to the war, so there she was "settled" you might say for life, with good wages, in a first-class situation if she only behaved.

When the notices came out about the separation allowances for wives and families, we stood in crowds round the Tollhouse reading them, and Mrs. Davies wasn't the only one with a husband in the Reserve as thought 'twould be a good thing if the war lasted a year or two. "Shameful!" Miss Lessor called it, to hear the way some of the women talked. They didn't seem to mind their men having to go once they knew there was to be money for them at the same time. Strange, I thought it; but Mrs. Kidston called it natural.

"Them as always has money and never has husbands, can't understand the feelings of them as always has husbands and never has money," she said. "Change is what people like—and no bad thing either."

I looked at Mrs. Kidston with surprise. I had never heard her refer to the married state in such a mercenary spirit, and I wondered what was in her mind. Then suddenly a thought took shape and I leaned forward, speaking very quietly.

"Are you thinking of Miss Mary?" I said.

"Maybe I am and maybe I'm not," Mrs. Kidston answered. "She's given me plenty to think of with this scheme of hers for the Belgians, has Miss Mary."

"For the Belgians?" I said disappointed. "What scheme is that?"

"To take in a family here in the vil-

lage and look after them ourselves. I'm all against it, I am, and so's Sirenry, and I only hope so be as he'll be strong enough to stand out. We've got enough to do for our own people without messing about with foreigners, sorry as I am for them for being foreigners and having to live where the Germans can walk into their country and spoil everything. It must be hard to bear not to have the sea between you and your enemy. Still I can't always agree with Miss Mary."

"When Miss Mary has a home of her own she won't need to ask you or Sirenry to agree with her," I ventured musingly. "She will be able to do as she likes then."

"So you all think," said Mrs. Kidston; "but for how long do any of us ever do as we like?"

"Miss Mary's at the age just now I should say. Is there any reason, Mrs. Kidston, a good reason why Miss Mary shouldn't do as she likes—in the matter of marriage for instance?"

"There's a text in the Bible," said Mrs. Kidston, laying down her work in her lap and looking at me fixedly, "which says as none of us can live to ourselves, nor die to ourselves, and St. Paul knew—if it was St. Paul—as well as I know that few of us marry for ourselves. I don't expect Miss Mary will be any exception."

"... I think he's wonderfully good-looking, Mrs. Kidston—I'm sure, in his uniform——"

"Who is?"

"The officer, the Primrose gentleman

we saw at the house the other day." I hazarded this, hoping for proof from my listener that they were one and the same and I got my reward.

"Oh, him!" Mrs. Kidston said, as though he were the last man to be in our thoughts. "He's so poor, nice gentleman, too, though he is, Miss Mary mustn't think of him."

"Poor? And him a Member of Parliament? Four hundred a year anyway in his pocket."

"That don't go far, not with a Unionist. It seems a lot to a Radical who's never had nothing of his own and feels himself a rich man when he takes parish pay, but it's different for a gentleman and a Conservative who's always given himself and his time gladly to his country for nothing. He don't care about a position in what you may call the State Workhouse."

Mrs. Kidston took up the flannel and made up for lost time by the speed with which her needle nipped in and out of a seam. I was afraid of losing my romantic thread in the midst of her political tangle, so I held on very firm.

"I think I ought to tell you, Mrs. Kidston, that I saw something the other day that made it quite plain to me about Miss Mary. No, I'm not going to repeat it, no necessity to, as of course you know all there is to know. Still I do think that if Sirenry is going against Miss Mary in this matter as well as about the Belgians, he's not the proper person to be her father."

(To be continued.)

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

The most arduous period of the year is approaching, winter, bringing to those upon the battle front hardships almost intolerable, to those at home

who are elderly and infirm the fear that they may not see another spring, and to all our minds a season which may be called, more truly than ever in

history, the winter of our discontent. All Belgium and the richest provinces of France are still firmly in the enemy's power. Attempts to dislodge him have been costly and unsuccessful. At a time when, according to our last year's prophecies, his treasury should have been depleted, his people starving, his army a skeleton, we have seen him embark upon an advance five times greater and more difficult than his attack on Paris and press it home with a speed and accuracy almost incredible. The armies of Russia roll back, and their generals strain every nerve not to achieve a decision, but to avoid it. The counter-attack upon Constantinople is at present no more than a lesson in the impotence of valor, and if the German menace from the West bears fruit, we may yet see the expedition abandoned and left with no claim to greatness save the enormity of our loss and the gallantry of those who fail. Our intentions have gone awry, our expectations are withered, save for the stubborn hope that the enemy's strength must at last desert him before he becomes the master of us all or enforces at least an indecisive peace.

Looking upon the organization of their own state and the still unprepared powers of its opponents, there is no end to the ambition of a people already confident and overbearing to the pitch of insolence. They doubtless see re-enacted in themselves the antique example of Rome. They anticipate the time when the name of German shall be more awful than ever was *civis Romanus* in provincial ears; they look to a new world of their own making and fit upon their doings the imperial utterances of Virgil's *Aeneid*. Their generals capture works of art as Mummius looted Corinth of its statuary, secure in the confidence of a civilization which was to prevail. They are bringing new blood to a spent and

luxurious earth. They will make other laws and invent fresh graces for us, crowding our old beauties into the museums of antiquity. Rome itself, indeed, will be outdone, for she at least was content to leave to the Greek his softer arts wherewith, in the end, he might reconquer an empire. But Germany will deny us even that poor eminence and promises that beneath her table there shall be no crumb that she herself has not bestowed.

It ill becomes us to sneer at this ambition without first giving thought to the refutation of it, for, superficially at least, the analogy of history is strongly founded. The days of Roman conquest were not the days of her ultimate greatness, but of crude preparation. Her civilization was for centuries a material civilization only, resting upon her disciplined troops, her fortified places, her roads, over which we can still pass safely, her bridges, aqueducts, and walls. Her cultured victims scorned her for her rudeness, but succumbed. A German historian, looking upon his country's roads and railways, her industry and plodding science, her disciplined and machine-like legions, must be pardoned if he think of Livy as his model. He may go further still and not outrun just speculation. He may cast his memory back upon the races over which Rome marched and compare them with some accuracy to those against which his own forces are in arms; Greece the anarchical, Carthage the mercenary, Gaul the vast and disorganized, have for unfriendly eyes their counterparts in modern Europe. To the biased vision of a Heidelberg professor the scandals and revolutions of France are on a level with the perpetual upheavals which disgraced the latter years of Greek republics until the firm hand of Rome imposed stern order. The very art of both is subject to a comparison, however unjustly drawn, which should

magnify the evidence of decadence. In the numerous and diverse provinces of the vast Russian Empire, linked together by a common head and otherwise only by an impalpable unity of spirit, Germany sees the hordes of northern tribes on whom at last the Imperial troops branded the impress of the Roman eagle and the insignia of Latin culture. Even in peace, German merchants and engineers had all but made that empire their own.

Lastly, there is England, the greatest and most dangerous, as she thinks, of all her foes. Carthage was a merchant state, with a maritime empire: so too is England. Carthage relied upon her fleet: so also does England. Carthage had a mercenary army: so, in another sense, has England. Carthage was wealthier than Rome by as much as England is wealthier than Germany, yet Carthage fell. A Carthaginian general upon the crest of victory once sent despairing messages for munitions and men, and was refused by a supine and luxurious people: an English general asked the same to stave off defeat, and still awaits his answer. *Gott strafe England!* is a foolish saying: but what of old Cato's reiterated *Delenda est Carthago?* To each of her foes it must have seemed inconceivable that Rome should bear away the palm which they so long had worn, but the result of this war or, if need be, this war and those which shall succeed it will rank with Salamis and Zama in the history of men.

It is from reflections of this color that Germany takes heart and bids us think long of all these writings on the ancient walls of time. If we are wise, we shall take up the challenge. We are not justified in mocking the great pretensions of those who, as all the world admits, have at least in the practical sphere proved themselves a people of wonderful powers, for,

though laughter is said to kill, no hollow cartoon can destroy the united wills of a determined nation. There is, to be sure, an easy opening for criticism of a negative kind to show that in her imperial wars it was usually the part of Rome to suffer defeats at the outset and only to win after long tribulation. Moreover, Rome conquered the world piecemeal, and did not ever take arms against the united powers of her day. Like England, she acquired an empire by accident. She acquired it because behind her material strength she harbored an ideal, or the germ of an ideal, which was worth more than those of her enemies; in the highest sense of the words, she was justified by the event. She hired no advocate-philosophers. But the majestic calm of her assemblies in face of destruction may have warned her opponents that this confidence reposed on something stronger than the force of arms.

Germany claims that she possesses assurance not less high. But we also, even in defeat, have never doubted that we stand to represent something greater than our own estate. We are not Carthage, nor is Russia Gaul; and France is growing greater than ancient Athens, nobler than she herself has ever been in history. To Germany's analogy of Rome we reply by the analogy of Napoleon, who believed that in the triumph of post-Revolutionary France lay the future of the world. We say that the European Empire is dead because Europe herself is now alive: she is of age, let her speak for herself. She is no longer an impassive, uncertain body, ready to fall to the will of the next autocrat who would make her his slave, but fully conscious of herself and the unity of her children who have the charge of her civilization. She cannot brook the destruction of one of her nations and remain the same; most surely she

could not submit to German ideals and continue to exist at all.

It is precisely upon this point that the German argument fails, since it presumes that in all Europe there is no sound state but Germany. If all the nations were rotten to the core, her claim might be just, though we, perhaps, were better advised to die for the ideal which we had lost than submit to her dictation. But Germany herself can now hardly say that her enemies are what she has proclaimed them. She has, indeed, disproved her own case. Her attack has roused a France and a Russia of which she never dreamed; and as for the English mercenaries at whom she still must be gibing, these despicable creatures have at least earned the compliment of her detestation. There is disloyalty and selfishness in England, and many who should be fighting are striking for halfpence, secure of their reward from an embarrassed Government. But let Germany, or, indeed, France, Russia, or Italy, ask themselves this question: Had they been islands equipped with superb fleets and subject for centuries to a complaisant Constitution, would their citizens have done more than ours? There is only one answer which can be given. The groundlings of the nations are much alike.

They are much alike, until there comes a day when they realize that their existence depends upon their superiority to the groundlings of neighboring states. Then, though not till then, the mettle of their pasture is shown, and in the crass and vulgar rabble itself there flame up the cardinal virtues of a great people. The very men who now sullenly proclaim their right to profit from our extremity or cynically ask what measure of difference in their estate can be created by allegiance to the enemy may yet lay down not their profits only, but their lives, rather than forsake a losing

cause. Our honorable men are dead or facing death. But honor is the privilege of rare spirits and it does not follow that, when it has thrown its stake, there is not a residue of courage, of endurance, of sober love for home, to carry on the conflict when once the spur is driven home.

If the advisers of Germany are wise, they will know that the critical moment of their fortune has arrived when they believe that they have at last beaten England to her knees. It is a country which rarely becomes really formidable until the moment when its power seems on the point of extinction.¹ For us the war is in its infancy. Our moral has not been tested. The danger which hovers so threateningly above our Eastern Allies is no more than a speck to the eye of those who dwell in the island peace of England. The very futility of air-raids and fugitive bombardments enhances the sense of our security and appals the citizen no more than the news that a desperate criminal is at large. It is, perhaps, a pity that Germany cannot make her terrors more effective, for it would certainly be the prelude to her downfall. Nor is it easy to understand how a people of such competence in war should first waste their energy to no purpose and then should think that their reign of terror, if it were successful, could do aught but deprive them of their best ally, the apathy of the still sleeping mob.

Hot-headed men have wished that our recalcitrant workmen might see German soldiery revelling among their homes and working their will upon the wives and children at present subject to no ill-treatment save such as flows from a husband's and a father's privilege. So drastic a remedy would have too many attendant risks. But there

¹ "I always thought they were bad soldiers," said Soult after his defeat at Albuera, "and now I am sure of it. I had turned their flank and pierced their centre, but they did not see it and would not run!"

is yet beneath the suggestion a substantive truth which should render us less apprehensive of adversity, if it should come, since it seems that no other goad than positive ill-fortune will stimulate the great mass of the disinterested public. The British Government is apparently as ignorant of this fact as is the German, for otherwise it would certainly replace the vulgar mirth of its recruiting advertisements by sombre pictures of dying men. The proper course with English laggards is not to soothe their spirits but to depress them. And when to the groans of the professional pessimist can be added the actual sting of a genuine and palpable calamity, there is hope that some life may stir in the prone limbs of the sufferer.

For us, therefore, the gloom of coming winter may prove to be the Indian summer of our strength, bringing to fruition much of the energy that now supinely watches the achievements of spirits more susceptible. In any event, the war has reached a stage at which it may be said that for the future it

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will be a conflict less of material than of moral forces, pitting one against the other the stubbornness and endurance of the two opponents. It has been clearly proved that certain resources are needed, and before long we may see them supplied. But more than resources is required steadfast endurance in the soldier and in the patient men and women at home who watch the life-blood of their families drain away and contemplate the ruin of great hopes without result, who bear in silence the strain of anxious days and sleepless nights and, perhaps the heaviest of all, the dull monotony of war. They are the steel of the nation and know that they must neither bend nor break. When, therefore, Germany makes boastful analogies between herself and the Roman majesty, it is to the more enduring and less dramatic aspect of antiquity that we may liken ours, and remind her that the patience of a Fabius and the honor of a Regulus did more to found her greatness than any triumph that ever blazed upon her ancient Capitol.

THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

Few things that have taken place in England during the past ten years are more to our credit as a nation than the readiness with which Mr. De Morgan's novels have been acclaimed. When *Joseph Vance* appeared, in 1906, the general public had entirely forgotten the distinction of its author's parents—Augustus De Morgan, who resigned his chair of Mathematics at University College, London, in 1866, as "a protest against that institution's homage to an evil it was created to oppose," and Sophia Elizabeth De Morgan, who had produced *From Matter to Spirit* in 1863. Their son's novel came out on its merits alone.

Born in 1839, William De Morgan in his twenties was a student at the Royal Academy and a stained-glass worker; ten years later he devoted himself to the tile and pottery-making industry with which his name is now permanently associated. Not till 1904, at the age of sixty-five, did he begin to write fiction. Yet *When Ghost Meets Ghost* is the seventh of his novels. That is, at the end of what most men would have considered a more than full life, and in less than eight years, he has obliged us to make room for a number of volumes on our shelves of most cherished fiction.

Mr. De Morgan's novels, in their broad outline, approximate closely to the accepted ideal of the English tradition; he likes to write a love-story with a happy ending. That, with one insignificant exception, his books have always given us. Like all the great novelists, he puts his love-story in a large perspective; he makes it the occasion for recounting all he knows of the joy and sorrow, the good and evil of human life—with the joy victorious over the sorrow, the final goal of evil "Somehow Good." Because Mr. De Morgan's writing moves thus on lines at once large and familiar, it is apt to be spoken of as "like Dickens." The comparison is beside the mark. It is not, it should be noted, found in the mouths of admirers either of Dickens or of Mr. De Morgan.

Mr. De Morgan's peculiar achievement is the degree in which he places the details of our ordinary contemporary life in horizons of timelessness and passion. Plenty of people write diaries and call them, or expect them to be called, novels. There is no achievement in that. In Mr. De Morgan's work, though it puts us on such terms of intimacy with his principal characters that if every one of them wrote diaries and placed them in turn before us we could not know them better than we do (a story of his is the diary not of one, but of a dozen persons), the mass of detail is always being moulded to a specific end. Persons who miss this determination in Mr. De Morgan's books, who accuse him of setting on his pages whatever at the moment crosses his mind, might be warned by his own almost ribald laughter over "those authors who may be said to belong to the school of Inspirationalism—who claim for each of their stories the position or character of a sneeze—an automatic action which its victim, perpetrator, executant, interpreter, proprietor, has absolutely no

control over." Employing the intimate conversational method that at first sight seems so rambling, he keeps the day-to-day existences he pictures in relation with the deepest questionings, hopes, and faiths, of humanity. He renders, by the way, with singular completeness the characteristics of our present-day civilization in England—its complexities, its illogicalities, its tolerance, its solid foundations, the mystery of its future—all these things he has caught as they are mirrored in the features of our generation with an insight so ubiquitous and so profound that it cannot fail to reveal us to the eyes of successors, however distant, who may care to look back and question what we were. Take, for instance, the Englishman, the English family at the seaside: is there anyone but Mr. De Morgan who has really depleted it? The lounging days, half the charm of which is that there is nothing that need be, and very little that can be, done in them, while yet the little there is is so sufficient and so satisfying; any other novelist would have been ashamed to chronicle their emptiness, but to be ashamed of it is to be ashamed of England. Or, to take another example, the middle-class English family—successful, for if unsuccessful one is hardly in this sense English—the nonchalance, the wrangling, the enduring good-will, the seeming recklessness of vital, and concentration upon trivial, issues, the reserve force that comes forward to deal with vital issues when they show themselves vital indeed—all this needs no better picturing than Mr. De Morgan's pages have given it. What could be more convincing and truer than the directness with which, in *Alice-For-Short*, the pompous banker, leaving his watch-chain and seals for once alone, meets his son's unenlightening confidences as to his feelings for Lavinia Straker,

1 "A Likely Story," p. 343.

"What is your actual relation, my dear boy?" Wisdom and power, it seems, were all the time but waiting for their occasion. The Englishman at home, the Englishman at the seaside, and, greatest triumph of all, perhaps, the English working man. From beginning to end Christopher Vance is a wit, but from first to last he is also a man. Whenever he is present you expect to laugh, and you are seldom disappointed; he always goes one better than you anticipated; but he is never used as machinery for turning out jokes. He not only remains warmly human, but, with his advancing years, he makes deeper and deeper claims on your sympathy, until at his death you feel as if you had lost a friend. And all the while he is a suburban builder with a taste for drink!

But perhaps in all this I am not carrying my reader with me; perhaps in these novels he has stuck at the point of superficial exasperation at which, let it at once be admitted, Mr. De Morgan has been at no kind of pains to prevent his sticking if he choose. The methods responsible for this exasperation are due partly to a whimsicality which belongs to William De Morgan's inheritance of his father's cast of mind—a whimsicality which in father and son permeates the deepest concerns of their lives. Augustus De Morgan, although he is known to have spoken of himself as a Unitarian, was able to write in his will: "I commend my future with hope and confidence to Almighty God; to God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, whom I believe in my heart to be the Son of God, but whom I have not confessed with my lips, because in my time such confession has always been the way up in the world." Yet, even more than to perversities, great or small, these methods are due to the exact nature of the task Mr. De Morgan has in hand. What is meant no doubt by

the comparisons suggested between his work and that of Dickens and Thackeray is that Mr. De Morgan has gone behind modern French influences and models in fiction to the older English prolixity. As a matter of fact he is not, in that sense, prolix at all. He sees virtue in multitudinousness; the many things of life it is, he perceives, that give any one thing proportion; but of description for description's sake his works contain hardly a trace. I do not, however, pretend not to have myself had, in reading Mr. De Morgan, certain aversions to contend with in the shape of "Lossie," "the liddy with the black spots," and the "Mer-Pussy." But what the reader who has patience to go through with these small irritations (and the best way to get through them is to have the books read aloud) must become more and more aware of is the effectiveness to which the whole curious method lends itself. The virtue of the garrulity Mr. De Morgan assumes is in the magnificent value it gives to his reticences, producing for his critical passages a strength of purpose and a faultlessness of taste beyond the compass of any but the masters of art. Where would Janie be, and what would become of the exquisite relation between her and her husband, if the boy's devotional chatter of "Lossie, Lossie, Lossie," had not given the background which makes his silence as to Janie expressive beyond all words? And Janie's death—the depth of tragedy in it I would not attempt to speak of—but I must entreat any reader who may not have observed the matter for himself, to reflect what perfect artistic consideration has gone to the narrating of it and to the framing of that long introductory preamble (from which no one but Janie seems to emerge in full possession of their wits) devoted to the discussion of Immortality. Why this interminable, this profitless, conversation? we asked

impatiently; what in Heaven's name would Mr. De Morgan be serving up to us next? And the succeeding chapter, opening as it does with the account of a shipwreck on the coast of Portugal, with off-hand reference to a young engineer and his wife who were on board, it might just as well, we felt, have elaborated the sentiments of a London cabman in a fog! Then, with a turn of the page, in a flash, the piercing relevance and poignancy is revealed. Joe Vance is telling us what he himself saw and took part in, and how Janie was drowned. And this, we feel, is the only possible way he could have told, or we could have borne with the telling of it.

As I have said already, Mr. De Morgan is singularly *au fait* of modern foibles and pessimisms. Whatever of truth or truth-seeking, spreads them abroad he has known and entered into it. Yet he does not spare their elements of absurdity. *Banal* is a word much less in use to-day than it was fifteen years ago, but how many of us now near to middle life can read without some self-consciousness, "the wedding came off in Somersetshire. It was implied to have scored heavily by absence from Hanover Square. A good deal of trouble was always being taken to dodge banality"? This, too, in respect to literary jargon, is apt to strike home. "I wrote," Mr. De Morgan says of *Somehow Good*, "a story whose cradle, as it were, was the Twopenny Tube. Critics' frequent reference to it as an 'Early Victorian' tale has impressed me that Early Victorianism is an abstract quality which owes its fascination neither to its earliness nor its epoch." Always and everywhere, too, with the abounding good fun of it all, there is the almost uproarious turning inside out of our hackneyed little forms and ellipses of speech! Since the frog-footman in *Alice* inquired to her requisition that someone

should answer the bell, "What's it been an asking of?" there never has been anything quite to compare with it. To exemplify this habit of his fully would be to quote half of Mr. De Morgan's writing. There is the charwoman who lays continual stress on her abstention from intoxicants and the help this attitude has proved to her husbands—"her third had 'never touched anything but water'—a curlew's life as it were"; there is the servant, bringing in a tray, a kettle, and lemons, who wants to know "if there is anything else?" and being informed that with that exception (whatever it was) the Universe was empty, she retires with benedictions; there is the milk-cart of *It Never Can Happen Again* "that said 'Families supplied daily,' and the street looked like it"; there is the invalid Sarah Burr who "must really be better 'because she has gone to her married niece at Clapham.' It seemed a sort of destiny that this niece's wifehood should always be emphasized. It almost implied that a less complete recovery would only have warranted a journey to a single niece at Fulham, or possibly only at Battersea." With comments and descriptions of this sort Mr. De Morgan's pages are teeming, his faculty for them being at its highest when he is telling us about street urchins; for there the vividness of common speech combine with the inconsequences, or rather the startling consequences, of child minds. Here, possibly, we touch on a real kinship between Mr. De Morgan's humor and Lewis Carroll's. Perhaps only the habitual gymnastic—the practised agility—of a first-rate mathematician's mind can prevent, in adult life, the letting down of departmental shutters, the forming of rut-tracks of thought. However this may be, we have happily been put by Mr. De Morgan in possession of Lizarann's innumerable drolleries in *It Never Can Happen Again*,

and equalling these for our amusement are Michael Rackstraw's in *When Ghost Meets Ghost*. For instance, "It was a fine Sunday morning in Sapp's Court, and our young friend was not attending public worship. Not that it was his custom to do so. Nevertheless, the way he replied to a question by a chance loiterer in the Court seemed to imply the contrary. The question was, What the Devil was he doing that for?—and referred to the fact that he was walking on his hands. His answer was that it was because he was not at Church. Not that all absentees from religious rites went about upside down; but that, had he been at Church, the narrow exclusiveness of that ritual would have kept him right-side up."

In *A Likely Story* Mr. De Morgan's genius for giving supererogatory twists to unexpectedness went further than on any previous occasion. In this book a fifteenth-century Italian painting, hung in a nineteenth-century drawing-room, tells its history—or rather an episode in the life of the woman it represents which it witnessed while it was being painted. This story, with the circumstances of the picture's powers of speech, inter-threaded as these are with the love affairs of two nineteenth-century couples, might have seemed sufficient for a plot. But, in Mr. De Morgan's hands, the mediæval romance, which had appeared to end with the murder of the painter of the picture, is taken up and carried to a happy ending by a manuscript, describing the period immediately subsequent to the picture's spectatorship (the picture had been removed to a lumber room and hung face to the wall). Thus we have, in the mediæval story alone, three personalities in one, or rather one personality in three pieces—the picture's, the original's as beheld by the picture, the original's as described in the manuscript. And the

adroitness of it all; the way seemingly inevitable confusions are avoided, apparently insuperable obstacles overcome, and amazing intricacies held in the background. "Mr. De Morgan," the *Times* wrote of this book, "seems to have achieved the impossible." What, well may we ask, is the quality that can convert tangled skeins of the kind just described into lengths of brocade? The answer, as I conceive it, brings me to the core of my subject. Mr. De Morgan, if he stood for nothing else, might stand as the lesson to our day of the place of the intellect, as such, in the artist's equipment. Every book of his contains "cleverness" enough for half-a-dozen novels, yet cleverness never gets the upper hand. What has the mastery always is the flooding, vitalizing emotion in which incompatibilities melt—incompatibilities that is of time or circumstance—"taste is a quality of the inner soul, which gives a bias to intellect."

The expedient of the talking picture is the mechanism by which Mr. De Morgan expresses his mystical consciousness; his conviction of the close interweaving of the visible and invisible worlds. Son of a philosopher and of one of the earliest inquirers in occultism, in the heart of the pre-Raphaelite movement (is he not one of William Morris's executors?) Mr. De Morgan seems to round up in himself the whole enlarging circle of the past half-century's thought. And how, in almost everyone of its aspects, he has mellowed and ripened that thought! I can think of one direction only in which any violence of early reaction remains with him. It is outside my purpose here, as indeed it would feel to me personally an impertinence anywhere, to cavil at his ways. But those inclined to do so may find some offence in his treatment of Churches and priests. In his positive antipathy to

² "Joseph Vance," page 158.

them he belongs to a past generation rather than to our own. Without that particular combativeness however, without so complete a detachment from theology as his starting point, Mr. De Morgan could not have compassed the circle I speak of. To gather up for us the reality of the truth-seeking of our fathers' generation and ours, he had to react from conventional religion, as he had to react from conventional philosophy, and the normal Englishman's taste. He had, in short, to be an artist in England of the fifties, and yet to remain in love with his country. By that combination only could he have accomplished the feat of bringing the factor he has brought to our present day life. In any vital consciousness of the spiritual world, the unseen encompassing the seen, Englishmen, since the Middle Ages at least, had been curiously wanting. Our country has had its mystics, but in modern life they and their ideas have always run away from, and not interfered with, the national temperament. That unerring finger of Mr. De Morgan's was placed on exactly what was amiss with us when he wrote: "They (spiritual truths) were not History, but Scripture, and, broadly speaking, might be considered to have happened on Sunday"! A gulf of this kind could only be built over by a layman speaking to laymen, an all-round Englishman telling all-round stories to Englishmen. Mr. De Morgan has vitalized and seated at our fire-sides presences and truths that before had been folded away in our prayer-books. In his novels, from *Joseph Vance* onwards, he has been going far towards dissolving the barrier between the quick and the dead. Time, philosophers tell us, does not exist; but where has that idea been brought home to the ordinary intelligence as it has by old Jane in *Alice-For-Short*? In *A Likely Story* nineteenth-century

love affairs are eternalized before our eyes, as it were, by their inter-threading with lives that have been and are not. The loves of Madeleine and Jack Calverley, of Mr. and Mrs. Aiken even, are caught up by the mediæval Duchessa into the great passionate succession, irradiated and inflamed beyond their mortality.

This effect is fundamental, and not any kind of glamour. Only an artist could have given it, because the task has been to make out of three sounds, "not a fourth sound, but a star." Yet the materials—the bare bricks and mortar—from which love's dwelling-place in the heavens is reared were set out for us in the earliest of the novels. "All's to come right in the end, Joe, be sure of that!" the Doctor's voice struck in on my reverie. 'I don't mean, you know,' he went on, 'that we shall meet corrected and improved editions of each other hereafter in a corrected and improved place, from which all the beasts and fools, who have not been corrected and improved out of all knowledge, are excluded by a Creator who might have had consideration enough for them to let them be—doing no more harm than any other beast or fool who has never come into existence! I believe I describe very fairly many people's idea of a selected hereafter. But I don't mean any such thing. I mean when I say all's to come right in the end, that it will do so in some way absolutely inconceivable by us—so inconceivable that the simple words I use to express it may then have ceased to mean anything, or any worth recording, to our expanded senses. To a mind that conceives this degree of Inconceivability, it seems merely common sense and common prudence to leave it all in God's hands.'

"But," I said, 'there must be some residuum of the rubbish of our thoughts and perceptions that will hold good throughout for this state and the

next. There must be a golden bead at the bottom of the Crucible.'

"Of course there is," said the Doctor. 'Love is the golden bead at the bottom of the Crucible. But love isn't thought or perception or even passion, in the ordinary sense. It's God knows what! I give it up. But it's a breath of fresh air from the highest Heaven brought somehow into the stuffy cellar of our existence.'"

The just published *When Ghost Meets Ghost* is concerned in the highest degree with these problems. Because they are in the title, no ghosts come into the book (this fact is very characteristic), though they do into almost all Mr. De Morgan's earlier stories. To have introduced "spirits" here would be to have begged the question he was at work upon. What, he is asking, is the essence of human identity; what in it survives the passage of time? So he puts before us the story of the reuniting of octogenarian twin sisters who for forty years have thought of each other as dead. If for no other reason, the book would make a peculiar claim on our gratitude for the degree in which it has perpetuated the London of Mr. De Morgan's childhood and youth. It preserves for us little old corners which were homes in the 'fifties and 'sixties, and are gone now except in so far as each of them exists in the heart of some old man or woman in infirmary or almshouse, and their final destruction, he feels, and makes us feel, waits for the crumbling of the minds that have loved them. Yet as to what "the good old times" meant to flesh and blood, Mr. De Morgan is under no kind of delusion. His grip on humanity's story is too genuine for that. The plot of *When Ghost Meets Ghost* turns on our convict transportation system of the first half of the nineteenth century. The keynote of our national life for the first quarter of

that century is to be found in the isolation and complete separation of places lying beside each other in England; as Mr. De Morgan says, to go and come from Australia "was little else in those days than that one should venture beyond the grave and return." The convict had no means to come back when his sentence expired. His parting from England had the sharpness of death double-edged. The hideous facts of his case are rendered, and rendered with the truest knowledge and skill, in this last book of Mr. De Morgan's. The reality of the system seems summed up in Maisie Prichard's account of her husband's departure. She—a quiet, self-respecting country-girl—rowed out at night in a wherry from Chatham to hang alongside the hulks as the pearly dawn of a summer's morning comes up: "They dared not row me near the wicked longboat that was under the hulk's side waiting—waiting to take my heart away. They dared not for the officers. There were ten men packed in the stern of the boat, and he was in among them. And, as they sat, each one's hand was handcuffed to his neighbor. I saw him, but he could not raise his hand; and he dared not call to me for the officers. I could not have known him in his prison dress—it was too far—but I could read his number, 213M. . . . How did I know it? Because he got a letter to me.' . . .

"But did you see your husband again?"

"Yes. Climbing up the side of the great ship half-way to the Nore. It was a four hours' pull for the galley—six oars—each man wrist-locked to his oar; and each officer with a musket. But we had a little sail and kept the pace, though the wind was easterly. Then, when we reached the ship where she lay, we went as near as ever man dared. And we saw each one of them—the ten—unhandcuffed to

climb the side, and a cord over the side made fast to him to give him no chance of death in the waters—no chance! And then I saw my husband and knew he saw me.'

"Did he speak?"

"He tried to call out. But the ship's officer struck him a blow upon the mouth, and he was dragged to the upper deck and hidden from me. We saw them all aboard, all the ten. It was the last boatload from the hulk, and all the yards were manned by now, and the white sails growing on them. Oh, but she was beautiful, the ship in the sunshine.' The old woman, who had spoken tearlessly, as from a dead, tearless heart, of the worst essentials of her tragedy, was caught by a sob at something in the memory of the ship at the Nore—and her voice broke over it. She seemed quite roused to animation—a sort of heart-broken animation by the recollection of the ship. 'Oh, but she was beautiful!' she said again. 'I've dreamed of her many's the time since then, with her three masts straight up against the blue; you could see them in the water upside down. I could not find the heart to let my men row away and leave her there. I had come to see her go, and it was a long wait we had. Yes, it was on towards evening before the breeze came to move her; and all those hours we waited. It was money to my men, and they had a good will to it.' She stopped, and Aunt M'riar waited for her to speak again, feeling that she too had a right to see this ship's image move. Presently she looked up from her darning and got a response. 'Yes, she did move in the end. I saw the sails flap, and there was the chink of the anchor chain. I've dreamt of it all again

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many a time, and seen her take the wind and move.'"³ Out of all the insight and emotion of Mr. De Morgan's writing, there is no passage I would rather choose to end my short notice of him with than this one. The winged ship inspired by the wind out of the sunset—wondrous to Maisie, because to her, as to her author, it has in one sense nothing to do with the convict's story, though, in another, it has everything to do with it. Hell we know is in that ship; terror of it is in our hearts. And yet we cry "O, farther, farther sail!" for the seas we look on through Maisie's eyes are seas hidden from mortals except when some transcendent feeling clears the moment's dust from their vision. Maisie's is such feeling, and Mr. De Morgan by infinite painstaking brings the ordinary reader to share in it. He (out of his stores of knowledge and love) brings us of to-day sharply and poignantly up against the past; wakes in us a real tenderness for beauty that has flowered and faded, for the loveliness that to-day is dust. Artist that he was, he was not content that artists alone should feel acutely the passion and the pity of our transient existence. Souls of men and women at large might, he believed, be opened to the myriad-headed springings of human loveliness, and through these, to its universality. It was, he felt, because of their coldness and blindness to the glory and motion of the temporal, the "many the days and nights passing away," that they were wanting in a grip on the eternal, lacking in a conviction that in human personality there is something more immortal than in the most wondrous of the pageantry surrounding existence.

M. Sturge Gretton.

³ "When Ghost Meets Ghost," p. 78.

A HYMN OF HATE.

"The troops continue in excellent spirits."—EXTRACT FROM OFFICIAL DESPATCH.

To appreciate properly, from the Army's point of view, the humor of this story, it must always be remembered that the regiment concerned is an English one—entirely and emphatically English, and indeed almost entirely East End cockney.

It is true that the British Army on active service has a sense of humor peculiarly its own, and respectable civilians have been known, when jests were retailed with the greatest gusto by soldier raconteurs, to shudder and fail utterly to understand that there could be any humor in a tale so mixed up with the grim and ghastly business of killing and being killed.

A biggish battle had died out about a week before in the series of spasmodic struggles of diminishing fury that have characterized most of the battles on the Western front, when the Tower Bridge Rifles found themselves in occupation of a portion of the forward line which was only separated from the German trench by a distance varying from forty to one hundred yards. Such close proximity usually results in an interchange of compliments between the two sides, either by speech or by medium of a board with messages written on it—the board being reserved usually for the strokes of wit most likely to sting, and therefore best worth conveying to the greatest possible number of the enemy.

The "Towers" were hardly installed in their new position when a voice came from the German parapet, "Hello, Tower Bridge Rifles! Pleased to meet you again."

The Englishmen were too accustomed to it to be surprised by this uncannily prompt recognition by the

enemy of a newly relieving regiment of which they had not seen so much as a cap top.

"Hullo, Boshy," retorted one of the Towers. "You're makin' a mistake this time. We ain't the Tower Bridges. We're the Kamchatka 'Ighlanders."

"An' you're a liar if you says you're pleased to meet us again," put in another. "If you've met us afore I lay you was too dash sorry for it to want to meet us again."

"Oh, we know who you are all right," replied the voice. "And we know you've just relieved the Fifth Blankshires; and what's more, we know who's going to relieve you, and when."

"'E knows a bloomin' heap," said a Tower Bridge private disgustedly; "an' wot's more, I believe 'e does know it." Then, raising his voice, he asked, "Do you know when we're comin' to take some more of them trenches o' yours?"

This was felt by the listening Towers to be a master-stroke, remembering that the British had taken and held several trenches a week before, but the reply rather took the wind out of their sails.

"You can't take any more," said the voice. "You haven't shells enough for another attack. You had to stop the last one because your guns were running short."

"Any'ow," replied an English corporal who had been handing round half a dozen grenades, "we ain't anyway short o' bombs. 'Ave a few to be goin' on with," and he and his party let fly. They listened with satisfaction to the bursts, and through their trench periscopes watched the smoke and dust clouds billowing from the trench opposite.

"'An' this," remarked a Tower pri-

vate, "is about our cue to exit, the stage bein' required for a scene-shift by some Bosh bombs," and he disappeared, crawling into a dug-out. During the next ten minutes a couple of dozen bombs came over and burst in and about the British trench and scored three casualties, "slightly wounded."

"Hi there! Where's that Soho barber's assistant that thinks 'e can talk Henglish?" demanded the Towers' spokesman cheerfully.

That annoyed the English-speaking German, as of course incidentally it was meant to do.

"I'm here, Private Petticoat Lane," retorted the voice, "and if I couldn't speak better English than you I'd be shaming Soho."

"You're doing that anyway, you bloomin' renegade dog-stealer," called back the private. "W'y didn't you pay your landlady in Lunnon for the lodgin's you owed when you run away?"

"Schweinhund!" said the voice angrily, and a bullet slapped into the parapet in front of the taunting private.

"Corp'ril," said that artist in invective softly, "if you'll go down the trench a bit or up top o' that old barn behind I'll get this bloomin' Soho waiter mad enough to keep on shootin' at me, an' you'll p'raps get a chance to snipe 'im."

The corporal sought an officer's permission and later a precarious perch on the broken roof of the barn, while Private Robinson extended himself in the manufacture of annoying remarks.

"That last 'un was a fair draw, Smithy," he exulted to a fellow private. "I'll bet 'e shot the moon, did a bolt for it, when 'e mobilized."

"Like enough," agreed Smithy. "Go on, ol' man. Give 'im some more jaw."

"I s'pose you left without payin' your washin' bill either, didn't you, sower-krowt?" demanded Private Rob-

inson. There was no reply from the opposition.

"I expeck you lef' a lot o' little unpaid bills, didn't you?—if you was able to find anyone to give you tick."

"I'll pay them—when we take London," said the voice.

"That don't give your pore ol' landlady much 'ope," said Robinson. "Take Lunnon! Blimy, you're more like to take root in them trenches o' yours—unless we comes over again an' chases you out."

Again there was no reply. Private Robinson shook his head. "'E's as 'ard to draw as the pay that's owin' to me," he said. "You 'ave a go, Smithy."

Smithy, a believer in the retort direct and no trafficker in the finer shades of sarcasm, cleared his throat and lifted up his voice. "'Ere, why don't you speak when you're spoke to, you lop-eared lager-beer barrel, you. Take your fice out o' that 'orse-flesh cat's-meat sossidge an' speak up, you baby-butchlerin' hen-roost robber."

"That ain't no good, Smithy," Private Robinson pointed out. "Y'see, callin' 'im 'ard names only makes 'im think 'e's got you angry like—that 'e's drawed you."

Another voice called something in German.

"Just tell them other monkeys to stop their chatter, Soho," he called out, "an' get back in their cage. If they want to talk to gen'l'men they must talk English."

"I like your d—d impertinence," said the voice scornfully. "We'll make you learn German, though, when we've taken England."

"Oh, it's Englan' you're takin' now," said Private Robinson. "But all you'll ever take of Englan' will be same as you took before—a tuppenny tip if you serves the soup up nice, or a penny tip if you gives an Englishman a proper clean shave."

The rifle opposite banged again and the bullet slapped into the top of the parapet. "That drewed 'im again," chuckled Private Robinson, "but I wonder why the corp'ril didn't get a whack at 'im."

He pulled away a small sandbag that blocked a loophole, and, holding his rifle by the butt at arm's-length, poked the muzzle out slowly. A moment later two reports rang out—one from in front and one behind.

"I got 'im," said the corporal three minutes later. "One bloke was looking with a periscope and I saw a little cap an' one eye come over the parapet. By the way 'is 'ands jerked up an' 'is 'ead jerked back when I fired, I fancy 'e copped it right enough."

Private Robinson got to work with a piece of chalk on a board and hoisted over the parapet a notice, "R.I.P. 1 Boshe, late lamented Soho garçon."

"Pity I dunno the German for 'late lamented,' but they've always plenty that knows English enough to unnerstand," he commented.

He spent the next ten minutes raging the Germans, directing his most brilliant efforts of sarcasm against made-in-Germany English-speakers generally and Soho waiters in particular; and he took the fact that there was no reply from The Voice as highly satisfactory evidence that it had been the "Soho waiter" who had "copped it."

"Exit the waiter—curtain, an' soft music!" remarked a private known as 'Enery Irving throughout the battalion, and whistled a stave of "We shall meet, but we shall miss him."

"Come on," 'Enery, give us 'is dyin' speech," someone urged, and 'Enery proceeded to recite an impromptu "Dyin' Speech of the Dachshund-stealer," as he called it, in the most approved fashion of the East End drama, with all the accompaniments of rolling eyes, breast-clutchings, and gasping pauses.

"Now then, where's the orchestra?" he demanded when the applause had subsided, and the orchestra, one mouth-organ strong, promptly struck up a lilting music-hall ditty. From that he slid into "My Little Gray Home," with a very liberal measure of time to the long-drawn notes especially. The song was caught up and ran down the trench in full chorus. When it finished the orchestra was just on the point of starting another tune, when 'Enery held up his hand.

"'E goes on Sunday to the church, an' sits among the choir," he quoted solemnly and added, "Voices 'eard, off."

Two or three men were singing in the German trench, and as they sang the rest joined in and "Deutschland über Alles" rolled forth in full strength and harmony.

"Bray-vo. An' not arf bad neither," said Private Robinson approvingly. "Though I dunno wot it's all abart. Now s'pose we gives 'em another."

They did, and the Germans responded with "The Watch on the Rhine." This time Private Robinson and the rest of the Towers recognized the song and capped it in great glee with "Winding up the Watch on the Rhine," a parody which does not go out of its way to spare German feelings.

"An' 'ow d'you like that, ol' sossidge scoffers?" demanded Private Robinson loudly.

"You vait," bellowed a guttural voice. "Us vind you op—quick!"

"Vind op—squeak, an' squeakin'," retorted Private Robinson.

The German reply was drowned in a burst of new song which ran like wild-fire the length of the German trench. A note of fierce passion rang in the voices, and the Towers sat listening in silence.

"Dunno wot it is," said one. "But it sounds like they was sayin' something nasty, an' meanin' it all."

But one word, shouted fiercely and lustily, caught Private Robinson's ear.

"Ark!" he said in eager anticipation. "I do believe it's—s-sh! There," triumphantly, as again the word rang out—the one word at the end of the verse . . . "England."

"It's it. It's the 'Ymn of 'Ate!"

The word flew down the British trench—"It's the 'Ymn! They're singin' the 'Ymn of 'Ate," and every man sat drinking the air in eagerly. This was luck, pure gorgeous luck. Hadn't the Towers, like many another regiment, heard about the famous "Hymn of Hate," and read it in the papers, and had it declaimed with a fine frenzy by Private 'Enery Irving? Hadn't they, like plenty other regiments, longed to hear the tune, but longed in vain, never having found one who knew it? And here it was being sung to them in full chorus by the Germans themselves. Oh, this *was* luck.

The mouth-organist was sitting with his mouth open and his head turned to listen, as if afraid to miss a single note.

"Ave you got it, Snapper?" whispered Private Robinson anxiously at the end. "Will you be able to remember it?"

Snapper, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, began to play the air over softly, when from further down the trench came a murmur of applause, that rose to a storm of hand-clappings and shouts of "Bravo!" and "Encore—core—core!"

The mouth-organist played on unheedingly, and Private Robinson sat following him with attentive ear.

"I'm not sure of that bit just there," said the player, and tried it over with slight variations. "P'raps I'll remember it better after a day or two. I'm like that wi' some toons."

"We might kld 'em to sing it again," said Robinson hopefully, as another

loud cry of "Encore!" rang from the trench.

"Was you know vat we haf sing?" asked a German voice in tones of some wonderment.

"It's a great song, Dutchie," replied Private Robinson. "Fine song—goot—bong! Sing it again to us."

"You haf not understand," said the German angrily, and then suddenly from a little further along the German trench a clear tenor rose singing the Hymn in English. The Towers subsided into rapt silence, hugging themselves over their stupendous luck. When the singer came to the end of the verse he paused an instant, and a roar leaped from the German trench . . . "England!" It died away and the singer took up the solo. Quicker and quicker he sang, the song swirling upward in a rising note of passion. It checked and hung an instant on the last line, as a curling wave hangs poised; and even as the falling wave breaks thundering and rushing, so the song broke in a crash of sweeping sound along the line of the German trench on that one word—"England!"

Before the last sound of it had passed, the singer had plunged into the next verse, his voice soaring and shaking with an intensity of feeling. The whole effect was inspiring, wonderful, dramatic. One felt that it was emblematic, the heart and soul of the German people poured out in music and words. And the scorn, the bitter anger, hatred, and malice that vibrated again in that chorused last word might well have brought fear and trembling to the heart of an enemy. But the enemy immediately concerned, to wit His Majesty's Regiment of Tower Bridge Rifles, were most obviously not impressed with fear and trembling. Impressed they certainly were. Their applause rose in a gale of clappings and cries and shouts. They were impressed, and Private 'Enery Irving, clapping his

hands sore and stamping his feet in the trench-bottom, voiced the impression exactly. "It beats Saturday night in the gallery o' the old Brit.," he said enthusiastically. "That bloke—blimy—'e ought to be doin' the star part at Drury Lane"; and he wiped his hot hands on his trousers and fell again to beating them together, palms and fingers curved cunningly to obtain a maximum of noise from the effort.

An officer passed hurriedly along the trench. "If there's any firing, every man to fire over the parapet and only straight to his own front," he said, and almost at the moment there came a loud "bang" from out in front, followed quickly by "bang-bang-bang" in a running series of reports.

The shouting had cut off instantly on the first bang, some rifles squibbed off at intervals for a few seconds and increased suddenly to a sputtering roar. With the exception of one platoon near their centre the Towers replied rapidly to the fire, the maxims joined in, and a minute later, with a whoop and a crash, the shells from a British battery passed over the trench and burst along the line of the German parapet. After that the fire died away gradually, and about ten minutes later a figure scrambled hastily over the parapet and dropped into safety, his boots squirting water, his wet shirt-tails flapping about his bare wet and muddy legs. He was the "bomb officer" who had taken advantage of the "Hymn of Hate" diversion to go crawling up a little ditch that crossed the neutral ground until he was near enough to fling into the German trench the bombs he carried, and, as he put it later in reporting to the O.C., "give 'em something to hate about."

And each evening after that, for as long as they were in the trenches, the men of the Tower Bridge Rifles made a particular point of singing the "Hymn of Hate," and the wild yell of

"England" that came at the end of each verse might almost have pleased any enemy of England's instead of aggravating them intensely, as it invariably did the Germans opposite, to the extent of many wasted rounds.

"It's been a great do, Snapper," said Private 'Enery Irving some days after, as the battalion tramped along the road towards "reserve billets." "An' I 'aven't enjoyed myself so much for months. Didn't it rag 'em beautiful, an' won't we fair stagger the 'ouse at the next sing-song o' the brigade?"

Snapper chuckled and breathed contentedly into his beloved mouth-organ, and first 'Enery and then the marching men took up the words:

'Ite of the 'eart, an' 'ite of the 'and,
'Ite by water, an' 'ite by land.
'Oo do we 'ite to beat the band?"

(deficient memories, it will be noticed, being compensated by effective inventions in odd lines).

The answering roar of "England" startled almost to shying point the horse of a brigadier trotting up to the tail of the column.

"What on earth are those fellows singing?" he asked one of his officers while soothing his mount.

"I'm not sure, sir," said the officer, "but I believe—by the words of it—yes, it's the Germans' 'Hymn of Hate.'"

A French staff officer riding with the brigadier stared in astonishment, first at the marching men, and then at the brigadier, who was rocking with laughter in his saddle.

"Where on earth did they get the tune? I've never heard it before," said the brigadier, and tried to hum it. The staff officer told him something of the tale as he had heard it, and the Frenchman's amazement and the brigadier's laughter grew as the tale was told.

"We 'ave one foe, an' one alone . . ."
bellowed the Towers, and out of the

pause that came so effectively before the last word of the verse rose a triumphant squeal from the mouth-organ, and the appealing voice of Private 'Enery Irving—"Now, then, put a bit of 'ate into it." But even that artist of the emotions had to admit his critical sense of the dramatic fully satisfied by the tone of vociferous wrath and hatred flung into the Towers' answering roar of ". . . England!"

"What an extraordinary people!"

The Cornhill Magazine.

said the French staff officer, eyeing the brigadier shaking with laughter on his prancing charger. And he could only heave his shoulders up in an ear-embracing shrug of non-comprehension when the laughing brigadier tried to explain to him (as I explained to you in the beginning).

"And the best bit of the whole joke is that this particular regiment is English to the backbone.

Boyd Cable.

GERMANIA MENDAX.*

Amidst the abundant war literature of the day, no publication calls for more serious consideration, both from the public and the leading politicians of this country, than the scathing indictment framed against Germany by the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The Report of Lord Bryce's Committee, which has practically remained unanswered, has already familiarized the public with the proceedings of the German Army in Belgium. The French Report shows that the brutality of those proceedings was rivalled by the conduct of the German troops in France. But the French Report does more than this. It brings vividly home to the mind of any one who reflects on its contents the extreme gravity and perplexity of the problems which will have to be discussed when the war is over, and the enormous difficulties which will have to be encountered before any satisfactory solution of those problems can be found. Two conclusions may confidently be drawn from the French statement. Both rest on incontrovertible evidence—in many cases on the testimony of German officers and soldiers. The first of these

conclusions is that Germany's violation of all her most recent and solemn engagements has been flagrant. The second is that these breaches of good faith are the result of a policy deliberately adopted by the German Government. This latter point is, as Mr. Bland says in his preface to the English translation, "all-important." The flimsy apologies offered by the German authorities for their own behavior are wholly based on allegations, which are advanced without a shadow of proof, that the Allies were themselves neglectful of treaty obligations, and that, therefore, retaliation was in self-defence not only justifiable but also necessary. That individual French, English, or Belgian soldiers may have committed acts which are worthy of blame is both possible and probable. There must be many men fighting on both sides who never heard of the Conventions framed at Geneva and elsewhere, or who, even if they had heard of them, had not the moral sense of duty which would have enforced obedience to their provisions. Amidst the whirlwind of passions evoked by the present contest, it can be no matter for surprise that, in individual cases, all sense of the distinction between right and wrong should for the

* "Germany's Violations of the Laws of War," 1914-1915. Compiled under the auspices of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Translated, with an Introduction, by J. O. P. Bland. London: William Heinemann, [6s. net.]

time being have been quenched. But it is absurd to contend that the occurrence of isolated cases of this sort, which are part of the inevitable horrors of war, affords any sufficient plea for the systematic violation of treaty engagements of which the German Government and the highest German military authorities have certainly been guilty. Moreover, although the truth of the accusation is obviously incapable of being absolutely proved, there is very good reason for holding that the moral guilt of the German Government is of even a deeper dye than is to be inferred from the actual violation of its engagements. A very strong suspicion exists that those engagements were taken with what casuists call a mental reserve that they need not and would not be respected. In 1902 a manual was issued to the German Army under the authority of the General Staff in which German officers were expressly warned against adopting the "humanitarian ideas" embodied in the Geneva, Brussels, and Hague Conventions, and it was urged that "custom and the hereditary tradition of the German Army" were safer guides for conduct than provisions elaborated in time of peace by "jurists." The German Government has, indeed, so far repudiated these doctrines as to recognize that atonement may be made for any violation of the Hague rules by pecuniary payments, but no amended edition of the manual has ever been issued, nor has it been replaced by any new manual. A few instances will suffice to show that the violation of treaty obligations has been not casual or accidental, but systematic.

The Hague Convention explicitly forbids the slaughter of prisoners or the issue of orders directing that no quarter shall be given. In the face of this engagement the German General Stenger issued the following order:—

"From and after to-day no more prisoners are to be taken. All prisoners are to be massacred. The wounded, whether with or without arms, are to be killed off. Even when prisoners are in regularly constituted units they are to be killed. No living enemy must be left behind us."

The testimony of German prisoners shows that this order was ruthlessly obeyed. A note-book found in the possession of a German non-commissioned officer contains the following entry:—

"We had to camp at Kessel (to the east of Antwerp). The captain called us round him and said: 'In the fort we are going to take there will very probably be English soldiers. But I don't wish to see any English prisoners with my company.' A general Bravo! of approval was the answer."

It is impossible to read without shuddering the accounts given in the French Report of the manner in which both prisoners and wounded men were deliberately murdered. The conduct of the German soldiers contrasts very unfavorably with that of the French troops during the early stages of the Revolutionary Wars, who, to their infinite credit, absolutely refused to obey the brutal orders issued by the *Bar-rère* that no English prisoners were to be taken.

The Hague Convention lays down in very express terms that the inhabitants of a country who take up arms to resist an invading force are to be treated as belligerents, and, further, that family honor and rights, individual life, and private property are to be respected. The manner in which this provision was interpreted by the German authorities is sufficiently illustrated by what took place at Reims. Hostages were taken. The population were warned that they must "remain absolutely quiet, and refrain from attempting in any way to take part in the battle." The following notice was then issued:—

"On the slightest attempt at disorder these hostages will be hanged. In the same way, should any violation occur of the instructions above laid down, the city will be entirely or partially burnt and its inhabitants hanged."

The note-book of a German soldier who had been fighting in Belgium contains the following entry: "The King having directed the people to defend the country by all possible means, we have received orders to shoot the entire male population." M. Charles Barbe, a French officer of the police, thus describes the proceedings of the Bavarian troops at Nomeny:—

"Some German soldiers fired at all the passers-by; they killed a child, to me unknown, which could not have been more than two years of age. I saw this child, clad in a red-and-white striped dress; it fell stone dead. I also saw a woman sixty years of age killed in her garden, an invalid who had come out to get a little fresh air."

M. Georges Munier, another French police officer, after dwelling on a number of murders committed by the German troops, adds:—

"These massacres had all the appearance of being regularly organized. The Germans proceeded as follows: First, they forbade any one from going into the streets on any pretext whatsoever. Then, when all the inhabitants had taken refuge in their cellars, they set fire to the houses. Those who had taken refuge were thus compelled to come out again, when they were shot at sight."

The Geneva Convention provides that field ambulances and the fixed establishments of the Army Medical Service should be respected and protected by the belligerents. In defiance of this engagement, ambulances flying the Red Cross flag have been deliberately made the targets of the German troops. French medical officers and their assistants have been treated with the utmost brutality.

The Hague Convention expressly for-

bids the use of "bullets which spread or flatten out easily in the human body." The German General Staff have publicly notified that, "notwithstanding the provisions of the Geneva Convention, the German troops will henceforward make use of dum-dum bullets, because the French and English troops have been the first to do so." This latter statement is unsupported by any sort of proof.

The use of asphyxiating gases, flame projectors, and burning liquids also constitutes flagrant violations of the provisions of the Hague Convention.

The attack or bombardment of undefended towns and villages is also expressly forbidden, and it is enjoined that historic buildings, places of public worship, &c., should, so far as is possible, be spared. In spite of this injunction, bombs have been dropped promiscuously on towns which are wholly undefended, thereby causing the deaths of a large number of non-combatants, including many women and children. As for historic buildings, the views of the highest German military authorities may be gathered from the contents of a letter which General von Disfurth wrote to the *Tag*. "If all the monuments and all the masterpieces of architecture which stand between our guns and those of the enemy were blown to the devil," the General says, "we should not care a straw. The thing is not worth a moment's discussion."

The Hague Convention also lays down that "a belligerent is forbidden to compel the subjects of the hostile party to take part in the operations of war directed against their own country." The following testimony of a Bavarian officer (Oberleutnant Eberlein) will show the extent to which this engagement has been respected:—

"We arrested three other civilians and then I had a brilliant idea. We gave them chairs and we then ordered

them to go and sit out in the middle of the street. . . . The flank-fire from the houses quickly diminished, so that we were able to occupy the opposite house and thus dominate the principal street. Every living being who showed himself in the street was shot. . . . Later on I learned that the regiment of reserve which entered Saint-Dié further to the north had tried the same experiment. The four civilians whom they had compelled, in the same way, to sit out in the street, were killed by French bullets."

Moreover, French prisoners, and even women and children, have on many occasions been deliberately used as screens to protect the German troops.

As for the "family honor" to which the Hague Convention enjoins respect, all that need be said is that in France, as in Belgium, the most brutal outrages on women have been of frequent occurrence.

The conclusion to be drawn from all these facts is that when the Allies come to discuss the terms of peace they will be treating with a Government and a nation who in the past have shown the most cynical disregard for all the engagements which they have taken, and that, therefore, no sort of reliance can be placed on any engagements which they may take for the future. The gravity of the case is greatly enhanced by the attitude which neutral nations who were parties to the Hague and other Conventions have assumed during the war. No general protest has been made against the conduct of the German Government. Notably, in spite of the great sympathy displayed in the United States for the cause of the Allies, the American Government has carefully abstained from any action save that dictated by purely American interests. The extreme reluctance of neutrals to interfere constitutes in itself a strong *prima-facie* proof that the suggestion, frequently put forward, that for the

future some sort of concerted international action should be arranged to prevent wars is of very doubtful utility. It is useless to frame a law unless some penalties can be imposed in case of its infringement. All the suggestions based on international action which have so far been made break down on the point that no practical means can be devised for enforcing respect for international decisions.

Mr. Bland apparently sees the difficulty involved in this aspect of the case. "Only by a systematic process of education," he says, "can the principles embodied in the Hague Conventions become a vital force in the world. . . . It will not suffice to defeat Germany in war. Unless and until a strong moral reaction against Junkerdom can be brought about in the soul of her people, humanity will be compelled to stand on guard against its ever-recurring treasons, stratagems, and spoils." This may be, and probably is, quite true; but if so, the difficulty of providing for the immediate future becomes all the more apparent. Education is a slow process. We shall have to wait for at least a generation before it can produce any decisive result. It may, however, be noted as a symptom from which some comfort may be derived that the French statement shows that in some cases individual Germans are alive to the iniquities which have been committed, and are ashamed of the conduct of their own countrymen. Thus one German soldier writes:—

"Together with the righteous anger of our troops, a spirit of pure vandalism exists. In villages which are already completely deserted they set fire to the houses just as the spirit moves them. My heart grieves for the inhabitants. It may be that they make use of treacherous weapons, but if so, after all, they are only defending their country."

Another makes the following entry in

his note-book: "This method of making war is absolutely barbarous. I wonder how we can have the face to rail at the conduct of the Russians when we are behaving much worse in France; at every opportunity, on one pretext or another, we pillage and burn." A third writes: "There is really some truth in all the talk about German barbarians."

In the meanwhile, the broad fact which will have to be faced when the war is over is that there will still be some sixty millions of very warlike and highly educated people residing in the centre of Europe who have set up a standard of civilization utterly opposed to that received by the rest of the world, and whose public policy

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rests on a foundation of shameless mendacity. For the time being there can be but one solid security against the menace which the existence of such a nation constitutes to its neighbors. It consists in crippling its warlike strength to such an extent as to render it impotent for at least a generation. If this is done, time will be afforded for education and moral influences to produce an effect, and it may be hoped that eventually the German nation will recover from the fit of insanity into which, under the *oestrus* of an arrogant sense of power and a boundless ambition, it has for the time being lapsed. We must continue the war until this object has been achieved.

Cromer.

TO FERDINAND, ON HIS PROSPECTS.

Between the Turk, your country's ancient foe,
Whose butchers drank her blood like steaming wassail,
And him of Potsdam, who, if matters go
Smoothly, will have you as his humble vassal,
You are the *tertium quid*, O Ferdinand, which
Conspires to make a most repulsive sandwich.

Here stands the Moslem with his brutal sword
Still red and reeking with Armenia's slaughter;
Here, fresh from Belgium's wastes, the Christian Lord,
His heart unsated by the wrongs he wrought her;
And you between them, on your brother's track,
Sworn, for a bribe, to stick him in the back.

Yet, spite of such a fellowship, your fate
Won't be a steady round of beer and skittles;
Old friends are best; and love that turns to hate
Is certain to acidulate your victuals;
For Russia, whence your land her freedom drew,
Will show that she who made can break you too.

And not alone that bright blade, hung o'erhead,
Shall dull your cheer and poison all you swallow;
Uneasy sits the alien King who's wed
To schemes his patriot folk are loath to follow;
So next your skin (for flannel won't avail)
You'd better wear a steel-proof shirt of mail.

Owen Seaman.

Punch.

THE WAR-STRENGTH OF BULGARIA AND GREECE.

Little mystery attaches to the number of trained men which Bulgaria can place in the field at the present moment, provided that the necessary equipment and artillery support were available—a very different matter. The annual contingents of recruits for 1914 and 1915 have by now made good the permanent losses—roughly 70,000 men—incurred in the course of the 1912-13 campaigns, so that the 360,000, or thereabouts, constituting the total effectives then raised by her, and including some 260,000 rifles and 4,000 sabres, should still be forthcoming in the event of war. To these however there should now be added some 50,000 volunteers from the newly acquired districts in Thrace and Macedonia, thus enabling two fresh divisions, over and above the existing fifteen (ten of the first, five of the second line), to be formed, and raising the total number of rifles to nearly 300,000. It should however be borne in mind that behind these seventeen infantry divisions there would remain but thirty-six half-battalions of the ultimate territorial reserve (not 20,000 men) and the youthful recruits of the 1916 contingent; barely 60,000 men in the aggregate, to fill the gaps in the operating armies. Not all these seventeen divisions could therefore take the field simultaneously; nor is it likely that the supply of guns and munitions would be adequate for this purpose.

The normal Bulgarian division is, numerically speaking, a most powerful unit, comprising no fewer than sixteen battalions, or 24,000 men in all. But the proportion of guns to rifles is a low one—roughly, two per thousand. There are attached to every one of the fifteen active or reserve divisions only ten field batteries, nine of guns, one of 4.7-inch howitzers, or forty pieces. Some

further three dozen mountain batteries are, it is true, distributed between five or six of the divisions, and six heavy (5.9-inch) howitzer batteries are at the disposal of the High Command. Still, the ratio of artillery, as, indeed, of cavalry—only three independent brigades of two regiments apiece, after providing for divisional units—to infantry is a most unsatisfactory one, and a source of great weakness in the combined tactics of all arms. Moreover, the utter lack of uniformity in the artillery material, and the obsolete character of a considerable portion thereof, coupled with the shortage and poor quality of the horse-teams, constitutes an even graver handicap.

The Bulgarians claim that the whole of their 136 field batteries, and not only ninety, as in 1912-13, are now of a quick-firing pattern. This claim is probably unfounded, because, in the course of the second campaign, they lost to the Greeks and Serbians rather more Schneider-Creusot Q.F. "75's" than they had captured Krupp Q.F. "75's" from the Turks in the first campaign, and there is the wear and tear of both to be accounted for. Messrs. Schneider have had neither the time nor the inclination to deliver the large orders given out by Sofia in 1914, and the Turks could ill afford to spare any of their new Krupp batteries. In any case, whether or not the 136 field batteries be all of a quick-firing pattern, they comprise at least two different types from each of the two factories, Creusot or Essen, and very few pieces of recent construction. Of the mountain batteries two-thirds at the most are of a quick-firing pattern, and these and the more obsolete half partly from Krupp's and partly from Schneider's, while none are of the latest and most successful types. Of the howitzer bat-

teries allotted to the divisions, nine are modern products of Creusot and five antiquated Krupp's; and even the twenty-four "heavies," or Creusot "150's," were built some eighteen years ago, and "reconstructed" in 1905 on the "accelerated fire" system.

Thus Bulgaria enters upon a modern artillery war such as the present one under decidedly unfavorable conditions. As it is, over and over again her infantry suffered excessive losses before Adrianople and the Chatalja lines for lack of adequate artillery support; while in 1913 it succumbed mainly owing to the vastly better guns and gunnery of the Serbians and Greeks. The expansion of the Hellenic Army within the past three years, thanks to the foresight and determination of M. Venezelos, has been little short of marvellous. King Constantine originally took the field in 1912 with a first line of four small divisions. At the height of the 1913 campaign however his total field strength rose to ten divisions, plus an independent brigade in Epirus. After the Treaty of Bucharest, in the following year, M. Venezelos, by a stroke of genius, succeeded in maintaining the Greek Army on the so-called "reinforced peace footing" of eleven divisions, or rather more than its previous war strength. In this way nearly 150,000 men, drawn largely from "New Greece," received whole or partial military training over and above the normal annual contingents; so that the total war strength of the peninsula and archipelago would now be well over 350,000 instead of under 200,000, as in 1912-13!

The Greek field army of to-day comprises six army corps, each of three divisions, perfectly equipped; while four additional divisions could be formed almost at once for service in

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Albania or Asia Minor. This field army, including the still rather weak independent cavalry units, would aggregate between 230,000 and 240,000 men, with 50 per cent of reserves (volunteers, 1916 recruits, and territorial militia) to make good the wastage.

Unlike the Bulgarian, the Greek division is a small unit in point of numbers (circa 12,500 men), well adapted to operations in a mountainous theatre. It comprises nine infantry battalions only, but the ratio of guns to rifles is high, and in accordance with the standard of the present European War, being well over three pieces per 1,000 men. To each division a combination of eight field or mountain batteries (thirty-two guns) is attached, and in fifteen cases one of field howitzers as well. But the real strength of the Greek artillery resides in the excellence of its artillery material and tactics, both uniformly French and up to date. Since 1913 some eighty batteries from Creusot have been added to the previously extant sixty or thereabouts, exclusive of the twenty-five or twenty-six captured from the Bulgarians.

Thus the whole of the Greek artillery—field-guns, mountain-guns, and howitzers—hails from the Schneider works, and is of modern and quick-firing pattern, the two former of "75" and the later of "120" calibre. In particular the mountain-gun known as the "Schneider-Danglis" is regarded as the most powerful weapon of its kind; and, although carried in sections on pack-animals, is capable of successful employment against hostile field batteries of similar calibre. The Schneider-Danglis pattern was the one adopted by Russia a little prior to the war for the re-armament of her own mountain artillery.

FAREWELL TO TREATING.

It would be interesting to make a register of the adult males of this country in terms of those who never go into a public-house from one year's end to the other, those who sometimes do so, and those who regularly do so. The two last classes, we imagine, would greatly outnumber the first. England is a public-house-going nation. She drank beer under the sign of the Seven Stars and rested the soles of her feet in the sawdust at the bar of the Salutation and Cat long before Columbus lost himself at sea or Isaac Newton began to take note of falling apples. Is not the very word "public-house" an epitome of the history of a nation's pleasure? The bishops have never succeeded in making the churches public-houses in the degree in which the inns are public-houses. There have been periods in history when men have been compelled by law to go to church, but no law was ever needed to drive a man into an inn. He has found here as nowhere else the medicine of fancy, the elixir vite. He has found here a true house of peers, in which Oliver Cromwell's ideal that every Jack shall be a gentleman is realized as it has not yet been realized in politics. The public-houses in cities are not, we admit, so democratic as that. Their public bars and private bars and saloon bars and jug and bottle entrances wall off the classes from each other like animals in cages, and in some of them even a row of little shutters, at the height of a man's face, conceals the respectable tradesman from his carter who may be roaring in the four-ale bar. None the less, the public-house is, on the whole, a place of relaxation and friendliness. Men who have left their homes with sour faces here find no difficulty in beaming upon perfect strangers. The same man who has

just argued himself too poor to give his child the price of a pair of shoes that will keep out the rain, here swells into a balloon of generosity and becomes a prince of the golden age while the money lasts. Such an atmosphere of generosity, indeed, dwells in the public-house like a guardian spirit that the law has had on more than one occasion to step in and forbid men to be excessively friends with one another. Thus it was made illegal for wages to be paid in public-houses, for fear that men in a wild intoxication of brotherhood might pour out their gold like a gift. And now comes the no-treating order as another fetter upon this easy traditional charity. It is no longer possible to pay for another man's drink in a London public-house, whether he be your friend or whether he be one of those homeless nightbirds with the sadness of defeat in their hollow eyes, for whom all is lost save beer.

Many writers have, during the last few months, been denouncing the treating system as a root of much evil, and we have no doubt that it has often resulted in men drinking far more than they either wished or had a head for. Treating was not always so voluntary, such a matter of goodwill, as it appeared. Sometimes one was practically compelled to treat; at other times one was practically compelled to be treated. The second of the alternatives was, perhaps, the most painful. There were youths of a certain class and at a certain stage of riotousness who took it as a personal insult if an acquaintance did not drink with them and, having won their point in regard to this, also took it as a personal insult if the drink ordered were not of a sufficiently strong variety. Ginger ale and lem-

onade they hated as the Devil is said to hate holy water. Sometimes they flatly refused to pay for "soft drinks" of this kind. They glowered upon the drinker of shandygaff as a Laodicean. They justly abominated the man, being about seventeen years of age, who called for public-house claret. To be treated by men of this kind was something of a servitude. At times the victim of the tyrannies of treating could be seen stealthily pouring an undesired glass of whisky into a flower-pot, into a fireplace, on the floor, anywhere except down his throat. But this has always been regarded as an outrage upon hospitality, and the perpetrator of such a deed has earned the black opinions of good and bad men alike.

It would be absurd, however, to pretend that the treating system put many men to such discomforts and shifts. Many men protested against a second, third, fourth or fourteenth drink, but their protests were half-hearted, or they would have got up and gone home. As a matter of fact, the protestor was usually a kingdom divided against itself. Reason sternly said one thing, and a smiling stomach—or was it a smiling heart?—said another. It was only a rationalist of the strictest set who, having attained to a certain hazy gold view of the world, could without a pang rise up and go out into the streets of disillusion. It was a kind of anticipation of death. For convinced and professional drinkers the end of the world came every night with the monotonous cry of the pot-boy, "Time, gentlemen, please!" and the final clanging of doors. Instead of rosy-faced friends they went out among skeletons and shadows. Their wills still hovered among the fumes and tobacco smoke of those haunts of friendship after their departure, like the souls in Plato still bound after death to their earthly desires. They had had

playmates, they had had companions, and now they were as chill and solitary as a ghost under the moon. These, it may be urged, are not the typical good fellows of the public-houses, but diseased specimens, creatures of one idea. This may be, but they are in the tradition of social drinking in a degree their sober contemporaries are not. They are heirs of the Mermaid Tavern, of the days of Steele and Addison, of the days of Pitt and Fox and Sheridan, of the days of Lamb and Coleridge. They are the brothers of Falstaff, now sunk upon tradesman days and grown leaner at the waist. They are proportionately fewer now than they have been for centuries, but even to-day they are more numerous than the Knights of the Round Table, or were so yesterday. And now the war has killed them.

At least it has struck at their self-respect a blow from which it will not easily recover. Hitherto they were able to gather round the bar like models of altruism. Theirs was a freemasonry of fellowship. The give-and-take or drink warmed them like virtue in action. Each man, as it were, drank not only his private whisky or beer, but a communal nectar. Now, if a man is to go on drinking with his friends, he must always have the feeling that he is drinking alone—that he is, in the slang term of reproach, a "dumb boozier." He will be giving to himself all the time instead of to others. He will be the sort of person he has always wanted to kick since he was a tiny boy and hated his school-fellow for eating sweets by himself and never offering to share them. If he grows redder as to the nose and blotchier as to the face he will no longer be able to tell himself, forgivingly, "That is the price of being a good fellow." These things will henceforth seem the emblems of

self-indulgence, and worthier of a place in the teetotaler's tract than in a good man's countenance. To tell the truth, the no-treating order has taken the virtue out of drinking. After all, men did drink out of charitableness as well as from thirst, and it was not entirely to their discredit. That is why we would say a very gentle farewell to all those walking bonfires of bibulousness which are now being quenched—justly quenched, we admit, but, nevertheless, may they smoulder in peace!

Hapless, too, is the case of the sponger, the cheerful Jack Point of the public-houses, he who could entertain all day with his conversation the meanest and the stupidest of mankind, provided only his tankard was kept full. He was often the brightest figure in the public-house—sometimes the best-dressed. He was fond of boasting of his relationship with some great personage—a statesman, a peer, or a man of letters. His eye never wearied of gleaming as, making use of the ancient jest, he deduced his downfall from "slow horses and fast women." Sometimes he was a broken-down actor, sometimes he was a broken-down doctor. In either case he was always ready to accept drink and, a moment later, tobacco, and then he

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would hold his host by the elbow in a little whispered conference, during which the question of a small loan—anything up to a million and down to twopence—would be discussed. What will happen to that lean champion of the breed who used to come through the doors like Hamlet, uttering "Oho!" in every kind of voice, from the sepulchral to the triumphant? Perhaps he has been dead for years. If he is not, how fallen on evil days! How very sepulchral his "Oho!" must have grown by this time! How starved his mirth! No more, at mention of a drink, will he look with dreaming eyes into the face of his benefactor and say:

"Kind hearts are more than coronets

And simple faith than Norman blood.

Tennyson, my boy, Tennyson. Do you know it?" No more, after the second hour of drinking, will he raise the question of what character in literature he most resembles, answering the question himself, "Sydney Carton," and then melancholically adding, "—all but the bravery." Farewell, a long farewell, to all his drinking! He, too, has been quenched in these laboring days. Pity his passing, and be not too severe on one who was after all a not too distant relation of Jack Falstaff.

RUSSIAN AND BULGARIAN SEAPORTS.

In the Near East questions of access to the sea have acquired enormous importance, and have had the most serious effect both on the policy of the States concerned and on the strategy of the belligerents. Until the Allies have forced the Dardanelles Russia's only seaports must be Archangel and Vladivostock; and a correspondent of the *Temps*, in the course of a series of articles dealing with the Russian sup-

ply of munitions, gives an interesting account of the developments which have increased their capacity for admitting and handling oversea traffic. Vladivostock, though situated on a vast and admirably sheltered inlet, had at the outbreak of war only 1,294 metres, or about 1,400 yards, of quay space, little more than a twelfth of that available at Havre; it had one floating crane, lifting about a ton, and ware-

house space for only some 25,000 tons of goods. Since the war began immense quantities of cotton (presumably for explosives), lead, copper, barbed wire, and machinery have passed through it, mainly from the United States, and great efforts have been made to extend its quays, in view of the immense traffic in munitions from American Pacific ports and Japan, but the work is far from complete. At present about 14 ocean-going vessels can discharge at once; the intention is to accommodate 40. But the capacity of the Trans-Siberian Railway is limited by the strength of the permanent way and the character of the soil on certain sections of the line, and it is stated that unfortunately the additional tracks and sidings laid down during the Russo-Japanese War were subsequently regarded as unnecessary and taken up. Twelve hundred factories, employing 100,000 workers, are stated to have been appropriated by the Japanese Government to the manufacture of munitions for Russia, but it is anticipated that their output will occasionally block both the port and the railway to Europe.

Russia's outlet to the Arctic Circle, Archangel, which, strangely enough, seems to have been thought before the war to have seen its best days, was, of course, overloaded with traffic last autumn; but the channel of approach was dredged to a depth of $7\frac{1}{2}$ metres, or about 24 feet, for nearly 30 miles seaward, and two ice-breakers on the Canadian pattern were procured for the White Sea and one for the Dwina Channel, which is ordinarily closed by ice from November to May. Forty wharves were erected at Archangel itself and at the railway station on the opposite side of the Dwina. A number of buildings in the town were hastily transformed into warehouses, covering altogether some five or six acres of ground, and, besides a fixed 20-ton

crane, a floating 40-ton crane was provided. The quay space is now 4,200 metres—more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles—and 60 large vessels can be unloaded at once. But the only railway from the port a year ago was a single-track narrow-gauge line to Vologda, terminating opposite the town, and liable to interruption by floods in the spring. This has been converted to the ordinary Russian gauge of 5 feet, and has also been partly reconstructed and taken into Archangel itself, and it is hoped that, in spite of a scarcity of labor, the work will soon be complete. But it will be impossible to keep the port open far into the winter. It is noted, however, that, though the entrance of the White Sea is often choked with ice, the north-western part is never frozen, owing to the inset of warm currents ultimately from the Gulf Stream, which keep the Murman coast ice-free in winter. If, therefore, a short railway were made from the north-west side of the White Sea to Kola on the Murman coast it might be possible to get goods into Archangel throughout the winter from oversea. But such a line can hardly be finished before the end of the war. Even Archangel, however, must have a considerable commercial future in view of the probable opening up of the great forestal resources of Northern Russia, and the improvements made under the stress of war will be remunerative after the peace.

The maritime commerce of Bulgaria and its merchant shipping have greatly increased since the modernizing of the Black Sea ports of Varna and Burgas, and would have been increasing still more rapidly if King Ferdinand's ambitions had left his people free to develop the new territory on the *Ægean* in peace. Of the two Black Sea ports, now cut off from the outside world by the closing of the Dardanelles, Burgas, at the head of the Gulf of Burgas, and some 120 miles N.W. of the entrance

to the Bosphorus, is connected by railway with Philippopolis (some 180 miles), and has a considerable export trade, chiefly in grain, and a population of about 13,000. It has a quay nearly 2,000 feet long, with 25 feet of water alongside, and the building of two other quays of similar dimensions was in contemplation before the Balkan wars. According to Mr. Vice-Consul Heard's report of last year (Cd. 7048), the total number of steamships clearing from the port in the first nine months of 1912 (after which the gulf was blocked by Turkish warships) was 635, with a tonnage of 533,814. Of these, 41, with a tonnage of 101,840, were British, but only three, and those in ballast, cleared for ports in the United Kingdom, the remainder proceeding to Belgian, Russian, and Roumanian ports. Varna (which is reported to have already undergone a Russian bombardment) is some 40 miles north of Burgas; it has a population of 40,000, and enjoys one of the best anchorages in the Black Sea. Great improvements and extensions in the port were made in 1908 and 1909, and a line of quays extends from the sea towards Lake Devna, situated about a mile inland. Vessels can load alongside these in 27 feet of water, but the approaches, both there and at Burgas, are commanded by high ground, and it would be difficult to land troops at either place, while the entrances are doubtless mined. Varna is connected by rail with Rustchuk, on the Danube (one of the oldest lines in the region, and originally owned by an English company), and with Sofia (336 miles) by Shumla and Tirnova. The steamships clearing from it in 1912 numbered 807, with a tonnage of 685,079, of which 68, with a tonnage of 126,143,

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were British, none of these, however, proceeding to United Kingdom ports. Varna stood to lose heavily by the cession to Roumania of the Bulgarian Dobrudja, which had become one of the chief corn-growing districts of the kingdom, and whose exports were, on the average, one-fifth of the total from Bulgaria. This had checked the projects of extending the quays towards Lake Devna. Baltchik, about 20 miles north of Varna, passed to Roumania with the Dobrudja.

Bulgaria acquired two outlets to the *Ægean* as a result of her brilliant campaign against Turkey in 1912. The first of these, Dedeagatch (population, 4,000), about 10 miles N.W. of Enos on the frontier set for Turkey by the Treaty of London, grew up on the trade in the valonia of the region, and was further developed by the opening of the Salonika-Constantinople junction railway in 1896; but the port is only an open roadstead, subject to heavy seas in southerly gales, during which steamers take refuge some 20 miles off under the lee of Samothrace. Probably the approaches are heavily mined, and the water is shallow inshore. The projects of harbor construction there had been disposed of by the Bulgarian acquisition, under the Treaty of London, of Porto Lagos, some 40 miles west of Dedeagatch. On this harbor, according to Mr. Vice-Consul Heard's report, already quoted, £1,000,000 was to be spent, and contracts were expected in August, 1914. A line was to be made northward, at a cost of £1,000,000 or £1,500,000, connecting the port with the Orient railway below Philippopolis and the line to Rustchuk through Stara Zagora. But all these projects may have been wrecked by the ambition of the King.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE WAR.

The people who are wringing their hands over the situation to-day, in a panic about the Balkans and the Dardanelles, and are predicting that Germany will soon overrun the rest of Europe, capture Egypt on her way, and march victorious to India, are wrong. They are completely wrong from beginning to end. They have lost all sense of proportion and perspective. They are in the same plight as were the feather-headed "Optimists" who, the best part of a year ago, were starving out Germany, making "holocausts" of her armies, and giving the *coup de grâce* every third day to Austria; who, a few months later, when the British Fleet had started a trial bombardment, unfortunate in its results, of certain Dardanelles forts, were announcing the "Forcing of the Narrows," and who—apparently through the use of Sam Weller's potent magnifying glasses of a million strength—spied the scared Turks on the roofs of Constantinople. Both these classes, we think, suffer from a form of hysterics; a complaint not so peculiar as its name implies to the feminine sex. The one class is in a frequent state of gush as to the wonderful things which we are going to do very shortly to Germany—laying her flat on the ground, rifling her of her possessions and advantages generally, and—above all—putting an end for the rest of eternity to "Militarism." The other class is in a frequent state of grief as to the wonderful things which Germany is going to do very shortly to us—sweeping us into the sea on the Western war Front, carrying fire and sword into Africa and into Asia, and putting an end for the rest of eternity to the British Empire. We never believed a word the first of these classes, the "Optimists," told and wrote in their papers, through last autumn,

winter, spring, and early summer, and week after week and month after month, we advised the public—which, unfortunately, would not take our advice—to disbelieve all the rubbish about mighty Russian victories, Austrian collapses, German disasters, and Turkish flights. For to those who chose to think a little, quietly, for themselves—instead of flinging away money and time on pompous war lectures and trusting to war prophets who know less than old Zadkiel—it was clear enough that Germany could *not* be beaten in six months or nine months; it was clear to them that she could no more be beaten in this quick and easy way than could an exceedingly scientific professional prize fighter in the pink of condition go into the ring and be quickly beaten to a jelly by an amateur boxer not particularly scientific and distinctly not in the pink of condition. We do not wish to crow—and, indeed, it was such a very easy thing to be right in this matter; but we must say we are rather glad that even in the early weeks of the struggle we did not—like a most serious and venerable contemporary review—write of going on our knees every night at bedtime and praying for a nice short war! Praying for rain after a long drought is one thing, praying for a short war where Germany is concerned is quite another.

So much for the "Optimists," Mark Tapleys, or by whatever name they choose to be known. They were thoughtless. They were foolish, and they have done a great deal of harm. Had it not been for their folly and feather-headedness, the country by now might have had a scientific organization in working order all round instead of, still, much slipshod and confusion. Slowly but surely a certain measure

of common sense is being driven into those "Optimists"; if we examine their Press in particular during the last few days we observe some hopeful signs of this.

But now, apparently, having got down our "Optimists" in some degree, we are to be troubled instead, and hampered, by the "Pessimists," who would spread the idea that unless instantly we proceed to pull down our whole system of public life in a desperate hurry; banish to limbo Cabinet and Constitution; and generally—to recall a saying used, we think, of Lord John Russell—"upset the apple-cart"; that, unless we do all this and more now, why, it is all up with the British Empire.

To our view this is quite as great nonsense as the other nonsense. We must advise people to pay no heed to it at all. Germany is *not* going to march to India any more than she is going to march to Cape Town; and she is *not* going to take possession of Egypt on her way. For one thing, Germany knows far too much about the art of war to indulge in such absurd wild goose chases.

What we have all got to do at this moment is to pay not the smallest heed to panic-mongers and be no more scared by their bogeys than were the common sensible among us elated by the trash of the "Optimists" during the first year of the war. Panic is the ugly brother of anarchy; and anarchy really is a "more dangerous enemy than Prussia."

As for seeking about to-day for imaginary despots or demagogues who by some marvel will pull us out of our difficulties, it is totally useless; it is like people with a serious illness flying from doctor to doctor and exchanging prescription for prescription. The end of that can only be nervous prostration.

But what is our position to-day, viewed soberly and with intelligence?

In some respects it is actually a little better than it was before the new Balkan crisis was suddenly sprung on the country. For many weeks the whole Russian Army, after its extremely severe defeats and its long and agonizing retreat, was in the gravest possible danger. That phase may not yet have completely passed; we are not at all sure it has; but beyond all doubt the position is much eased on the Eastern Front, even though Dvinsk should fall. On the Western Front the French and British armies have given the Germans a rare taste of their quality. We do not expect to break through the German lines, much less free France and Belgium, at present, and the stories, as usual, about the terrific carnage of the Germans there are rubbish. But we have no belief that the Germans are going to break through the line of the Allies now, much less sweep us into the Channel. Thus the position is far securer—almost incomparably securer—than it was not so many months ago. Baulked in a large degree of their prey on the West, and disappointed—if in a less degree—in the East, Germany is striking hard in the new quarter, in the Balkans; and she is certainly beginning to menace gravely our holding in Gallipoli, which has never been too comfortable—in spite of the amazing delusion that for months past we have been on the verge of getting through there. Germany has brought in the coolly calculating Bulgaria on the strength of her immense prowess and feat of arms in Russia, and has made Greece hesitate. On the whole, she has done great things on land, not the least of which has been her capture and stiffening of the Austrian Army which was hit hard by Russia last winter, though not so hard as reported here officially and unofficially. On sea she cuts a very wretched and craven figure indeed. Her submarine campaign has not been

really effectual, and our power at sea and our unquestioned mastery of her there in every quarter grows and grows: only we must keep building hard.

We see no cause whatever for panic or for unmanly choruses of shrieks and moans. The real danger which threatens to-day is not the danger of the British Empire going under to Germany. There is no reasonable chance

The Saturday Review.

of that; and the talk about it is mainly fudge. The real risk, as we have so often urged in the past, is the risk of a made-up peace after a muddled draw, and a half and half sort of settlement to follow. And we shall need a thorough and relentless policy at home, indeed, and a far more rigorous discipline for the lax and libertine section of our people, if we are to avoid that.

THE OLD MAN'S DELUSION.

We know that our senses are subject to decay, that from our middle years they are decaying all the time; but happily it is as if we didn't know and didn't believe. The process is too gradual to trouble us: we can only say, at fifty, or sixty, or seventy, that it is doubtless the case that we can't see as far or as well, or hear or smell as sharply, as we did a decade ago, but that we don't notice the difference. Lately I met an extreme case, that of a man well past seventy who did not appear to know that his senses had faded at all. He noticed that the world was not what it had been to him, as it had appeared, for example, when he was a ploughboy, the time of his life he remembered most vividly, but it was not the fault of his senses: the mirror was all right, it was the world that had grown dim.

I found him at the gate where I am accustomed to go of an evening to watch the sun set over the sea of yellow corn and the high green elms beyond, which divide the cornfield from the Maidenhead Thicket. An old agricultural laborer, he had a gray face and gray hair and throat-beard; he stooped a good deal, and struck me as being very feeble and long past work. But he told me that he still did some work in the fields. The older farmers

who had employed him for many years past gave him a little to do; he also had his old-age pension, and his children helped to keep him in comfort. He was quite well off, he said, compared to many. There was a subdued and sombre cheerfulness in him, and when I questioned him about his early life he talked very freely in his slow old peasant way. He was born in a village in the Vale of Aylesbury, and began work as a ploughboy on a very big farm. He had a good master and was well fed, the food being bacon, vegetables and home-made bread, also suet pudding three times a week. But what he remembered best was a rice pudding which came by chance in his way during his first year on the farm. There was some of the pudding left in a dish after the family had dined, and the farmer said to his wife, "Give it to the boy"; so he had it, and never tasted anything so nice in all his life. How he enjoyed that pudding! He remembered it now as if it had been yesterday, though it was sixty-five years ago.

He then went on to talk of the changes that had been going on in the world since that happy time; but the greatest change of all was in the appearance of things. He had had a hard life, and the hardest time was

when he was a ploughboy and had to work so hard that he was tired to death at the end of every day; yet at four o'clock in the morning he was ready and glad to get up and go out to work all day again because everything looked so bright, and it made him happy just to look up at the sky and listen to the birds. In those days there were larks. The number of larks was wonderful; the sound of their singing filled the whole air. He didn't want any greater happiness than to hear them singing over his head. A few days ago, not more than half a mile from where we were standing, he was crossing a field when a lark got up singing near him and went up singing over his head. He stopped to listen and said to himself, "Well now, that do remind me of old times!"

The New Statesman.

"For you know," he went on, "it is a rare thing to hear a lark now. What's become of all the birds I used to see I don't know." There was a very pretty bird at that time called the yellowhammer—a bird all shining yellow, the prettiest of all the birds. He never saw nor heard that bird now, he assured me.

That was how the old man talked, and I never told him that yellowhammers could be seen and heard all day long anywhere on the common beyond the green wall of the elms, and that a lark was singing loudly high up over our heads while he was talking of the larks he had listened to sixty-five years ago in the Vale of Aylesbury, and saying that it was a rare thing to hear that bird now.

W. H. Hudson.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Latta Griswold, in his stories of Deal School, has established a reputation as a writer of boys' books that are "different"; books that are true not only to the outward life of boys but to their inner lives and characters as well. Last in the series is "Deal Woods" and Mr. Griswold writes of boy nature and boy friendships so beautifully that adult readers cannot help but be moved. Younger readers, however, will find the book so entertaining that they will not be aware of the high principles which are closely knit into every page. The hero, Victor Orofino, is heir to large estates in Italy where his father, as the result of an international marriage, is an Italian prince. His American blood, however, proves strong enough to influence his choice of a career in a way that will appeal to every boy who reads the book. Although the number

of "Deal" books is growing, it will be a long time before there are too many. The Macmillan Co.

Nobodies, according to time-honored tradition, are always striving to enter good society, but to descend through a roof-scuttle and shoot a burglar is not a generally accepted method of entrance, and Mr. Louis Joseph Vance's "Nobody" hardly encourages its employment by any lady, no matter how great her need of the necessary munitions and equipment for a struggle with the world. But one excuses all the mistakes and misdeeds of Sallie Manvers for the sake of her honesty and absolute truthfulness, and sympathizes with her sorrows and woes as seriously as if she were real. Mr. Vance is well-practised in working this miracle, and is not his work quite as artistic as that of those who show an

ugly heroine and refuse to give her or her friends any good looks whatsoever? "One would not be a fright when one is dead," said the silly lady created by the bachelor sage for the edification of her sisters. Neither would one be a fright when one is alive, and no plain child ever received any consolation from such statements as "Handsome is that handsome does." Being pretty and having fine clothes Sally enjoys them, and moulds her fate to her own satisfaction. Had she not stolen them she would have been miserable ever after, and this paradox pleases the reader and Mr. Vance will be well content with his little excursion into comedy. George H. Doran Co.

"The Knight of the Winding Road" is a beautiful book for children, written by Cornelia Meigs and illustrated by Frances White in color and in black and white. The book consists of a number of fairy stories which have no connection with one another, but in every story appears the "beggar" dressed in strange colored rags, with a magic pipe and the power to do all kinds of magical things. In each story the beggar is the force which brings all good things to pass, makes selfish people unselfish, and shows the world in its true light. He does not fit exactly into any parable or allegory; he is a little like the Pied Piper, but not wholly; he reminds one of the different saints, but the analogy is not perfect in any case. Perhaps the beggar gains his charm by the very fact that he reminds the reader of such a variety of beautiful characters. The illustrations add greatly to the charm of the book; they are full of imagination and suggestion. The Macmillan Co.

"The Drama of Three Hundred and Sixty-five Days," by Hall Caine, is an

effort to summarize the happenings of the first year of the war, to present, as it were, a backward glance over the most striking events of the year. Portraits of the most prominent individuals concerned in the war, estimates of the spirit and temper of each of the Allied nations and of most of the neutral ones, bits of court gossip and of prophecy, form this unusual book, the unity of which consists in the indomitable optimism of the author and his unwavering belief in the righteousness of England's cause. Many books have been written on the war since August, 1914, but few bear the stamp of inspiration which marks the utterances of this one. It does not attempt to give a logical outline of everything that took place in the 365 days, but nowhere else has been expressed so clearly the spirit of the whole time. How greatly the literature of the wars of the past would be enriched and enlivened had there only been some contemporary to write such a book as this about each one! J. B. Lippincott Co.

The enticing title of "Heart's Content" given by Ralph H. Barbour to his latest novel, woos one to read a whimsical, good-natured story illustrated by H. Weston Taylor with four colored plates and decorated by Edward Stratton Holloway with border pictures in black and white, showing all manner of objects which might be regarded as necessary to make a country house worthy of the name of "Heart's Content." One of these is a dove-cote with honeysuckle clambering about it, the thing stoutly called a pigeon-house by the natives. But the natives have little to do with the story in which only exotic characters flourish. A dog, pure mongrel; a tramp, who has wandered over Europe, summoning steamers, gondolas, and canoes to his aid, only when na-

ture has made them indispensable; a young lady afflicted by the loss of a favorite ring, a broken heart, and a broken engagement, and consoled by means of fire in a perfectly good club house, certain parents who know their place, and a convenient gentleman to introduce everybody to everybody else all imported from outer regions and all comfortably rich and socially important carry on the story swiftly, to a pleasant ending. This is a perfectly happy book. J. B. Lippincott Co.

The musical heroine of to-day in no way resembles the musical hero, as pictured by E. Sheppard in "Charles Auchester." She is not poetic, either in thought or in behavior, and, although she treats her art seriously, she has no illusions about it, and manages herself, body, soul and spirit, as coolly as she would discipline a valuable dog. Miss Willa Sibert Cather portrays such a type in "The Song of the Lark," and makes it exceedingly interesting. Thea Kronborg, reared in a Colorado town, and petted by a few persons of rather extraordinary quality, grows up with a firm determination to make the best of her voice, and to extract the highest attainable price from the world in payment for its notes. She desires both fame and love, but most of all she longs for perfection in her art, and works for it in the dogged Scandinavian fashion, striving also to become a good accompanist, and in the interval necessary for her education, she supports herself by teaching music, and by singing in church choirs and at funerals. Such is the thread by which Miss Cather connects the history of the adventures and the development of many persons, Mexican, German, Swedish and American, making each in turn the object of the reader's close attention, and not scorning the most absurdly intimate details. The fault of the book lies in the author's tolera-

tion of verbal vulgarisms which should be left to street-boys and yokels. Its merits are apparent in vivid description of phenomena, from sand-storms, to choir-fights, and personages ranging from cave-dwellers to toddling babies. The faults are easily amended, and it is to be hoped that Miss Cather will soon eliminate their weakening influence from her vigorous work. A writer as strong as she cannot afford to have defects in her armor. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. John Galsworthy is not yet fifty years of age, but "The Freeland's" is his fourteenth novel, and there are also plays to his credit, and to his profit also. The Freeland's traces the intricate growth of one of those family tragedies always misunderstood by outsiders, and perhaps a little more bitter, on that account. The hero of The Freeland's does nothing worse than to discuss political economy and the measures taken in the past by discontented agricultural laborers. Unfortunately, he selects as the recipient of his views a farm hand who has been evicted for causes perfectly valid in the eyes of his landlord, and perfectly unjust in his own, and hence come felony and a train of woes, never to be forgotten in his lifetime. The aunts and uncles and the aged head of the family make a memorable and delicately distinguished group and the pair of young lovers are worthy of their place, but the crowning charm of the story is the light, skilful touch by which Mr. Galsworthy sets an unexpected beauty on almost every page. One may hope for another book about the Freeland's, good, bad, prim, eccentric, everything but dull. The motto of the book, "Liberty's a glorious feast," may be taken ironically or otherwise as one pleases. Charles Scribner's Sons.